

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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Photo. LAFAYETTE,

THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY.

179, New Bond Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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THE RISE IN ... LANDED PROPERTY.

THAT the price of wheat no longer rules the value of land must have been evident for some time. Last week the wheat averages fell to 25s. per quarter, yet the sales of landed properties are better every month, and there is every prospect of a steady rise in values.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the hour was the sale of the Duke of Beaufort's Usk property, where a sum of over £80,000 was realised for land at a great distance from the metropolis, not near to any large industrial centre, and more remarkable for beauty than for agricultural value. The price was something over twenty years' purchase on a rental of £1 per acre. In the palmiest days of the landed interest, thirty years' purchase at the same estimate was thought a most satisfactory return. But we doubt whether the Usk property would have realised anything like that figure if sold thirty years ago. Nor are previous prices given for land any very clear indication of the real value of landed estate. Until quite recent days the greater number of purchasers of land were either those who owned land or had been tenant farmers. Landlords and tenants alike invested in the soil money which they had made out of it. As they only made money in good times, and made

their purchases in good times also, it follows that these bargains were always bad ones for the buyers and good ones for the sellers. The new owners bought at top prices. What we wish to point out is, that those who bought or inherited property acquired under these conditions have no need to sell at the alarming sacrifice which would have been necessary ten or twelve years ago. At the same time, those who buy with judgment, and have only a certain proportion of their spare cash in land, need not regret it. On the contrary, we have every confidence that the values must, as part of the natural course of events, steadily tend to rise.

Among the outside causes which so commonly affect values, but are not in evidence in rural economics, is the difficulty of finding investments for trust funds. Every year more money is saved and bequeathed in trust for children and widows, while the number of securities in which it is permitted to be invested do not increase in anything like the same rate. Consequently the interest is wretchedly low, and the trustees naturally seek another form of security in land. We are far from recommending large blocks of land as investments for trust money. That was done thirty years ago with absolutely disastrous results, because the moment you buy a farm you are saddled with liabilities to the tenant, if he goes out, and have always the chance of being obliged to sink money in it if no other tenant is to be found. But little farms of some forty to sixty acres, with a decent cottage house on them, are almost as safe investments as railway debentures. Better still are fields and meadows close to large or small country towns. They are a certain "let," and there is almost an equal certainty that they will in time sell well for building. Nor need anyone hesitate to acquire at a times price any quantity of good grazing ground. Even supposing a farm cannot be let as a whole, it improves, rather than the contrary, by being let out in portions for grazing, and these lettings are effected piecemeal at auctions, with almost no trouble to the trustee. Purchases of this kind, though on a modest scale individually, can make up a very considerable demand in the aggregate, and are of first-class importance in determining the value of land now, and for the next ten years at least. They operate all over England, and cause "warm corners" in the minor estate market wherever there is capital to invest elsewhere than in the great towns and the metropolis, where ground rents and house property occupy the same relative position to the investor.

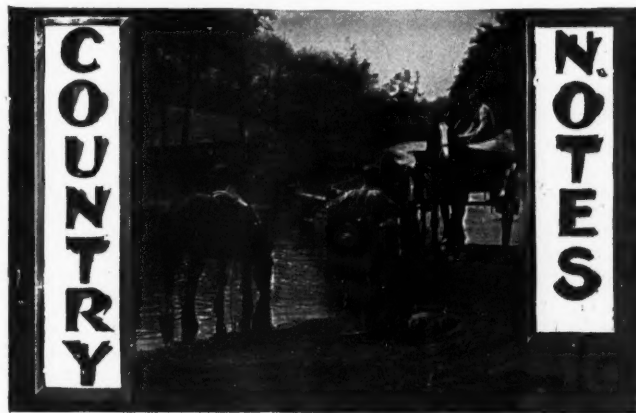
Far more tempting to the purchaser, and a source of daily satisfaction to those interested in the land, is the list of small but attractive residential properties now saleable wherever there is a beautiful neighbourhood, or even one claiming the ordinary beauties of English scenery, if readily accessible by rail. We should be pleased indeed if we could lay before our readers any probable estimate of the rise in values in Surrey, Hampshire, South Berks, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northern Kent, and parts of Sussex. It must average from four to five times the value of thirty years ago. When we see little Surrey farms and cottages, the places that Birket Foster used to paint, in typical rural scenery, houses with brick ovens, draw-wells, a farmyard, and forty acres of land, withdrawn at prices of £100 per acre, shops on Hind Head, and tens of thousands of acres formerly not good enough to build farmhouses upon competed for by the builder, it is not difficult to forecast the time when this general rush to the country will embrace a far wider radius and very different kind of scenery. We own that we feel astonished to see the same kind of thing repeated, on a considerable scale, even on such cold and undesirable ground as parts of the Sussex Weald and the Horsham clays.

This is quite a new form of demand for land. It goes with a definite notion on the part of the purchasers both of what they want and what they mean to spend on building and "development." Consequently it is a sound demand as well as an increasing one, and one with which we are in complete sympathy, and shall always do our best to facilitate. It means that the owners are going, in the first place, to do their best to lead a country life so far as possible while engaged in business or a profession, and probably contemplate doing this on a more ample and complete scale later in life. To "begin at the small end" is an excellent maxim; but we prophesy that a very large percentage of those who begin by buying two or three acres and building a country cottage for "week ends" will later on purchase from fifty to 300 acres and make them the site of a well-equipped country residence. But whether for cottage, or the new and perfectly-designed house in which to spend from £2,000 to £4,000 per annum, land is necessary, and wherever this combines accessibility and beauty the price must be enhanced to meet the demand for residential sites. We have seen such land sixty miles from London, but in an exceptionally charming neighbourhood, rise from £25 to £400 per acre in twenty-five years.

And what of the large estates? Is there no place for them in the list of "eligible land"? Not so far as we can see with a view to making an ultimate profit. But we are far from agreeing with the sentiments of a clever baronet who was addressing a

meeting of rural electors on the subject of the limits of landed proprietorship. After working up his hearers' curiosity to the utmost on this, to them, interesting subject—for it was in the political era of three acres and a cow—he gave it as his solemn, his deliberate opinion, that no man ought to own more land than he could put into a flower-pot.

Still, while the position of agriculture is what it is, no one can expect to own a large estate without taking personal trouble in its supervision. It is no longer a thing which will "go of itself," as in the late sixties. The necessity for supervision and constant expenditure on capital account must always detract from the inducements to purchase large properties as an investment. At the same time, the attraction which the possession of land exercises on the imagination, and the intense pleasure which its development, especially in the direction of forestry, sport, and stock-breeding, exercises on the normally-constituted Anglo-Saxon mind, will probably more than counter-balance the drawbacks, and beyond this lies the social prestige which its possession confers. Whatever may be said to the contrary, we hold that the possession of landed estate, if the owner resides upon it, is a form of social asset still quite unequalled in this country. It no longer gives the particular form of political influence which it did, in the actual control of votes. But this is not a result which would affect modern dealings in land. But properly and discreetly used it is justly considered to add to the owner's consequence and position, and the landed proprietor has unique opportunities of justifying this regard. His treatment of his property, his dealings with his people, and the net results of this on the social life of the place, whether the property be small or large, are always in evidence; and there is absolutely no limit to the chances of winning a reputation of a creditable kind by good sense and good management.



KENSINGTON PALACE, now restored and opened to the public, has a charm from its domestic associations with the dynasty. It was a schoolroom for Her Majesty, and a suburban retreat for William III. Wren's Orangery is far the best thing about the place, and the prototype of scores of others in the old palaces and country seats built since those days, those at Kew and Hampton Court being by no means equal in design. But the most amusingly personal of all the equipments of the Palace is that ingenious contrivance by which William of Orange was able to know which way the wind blew, without going out of doors, or even looking out of the window, the dial hand connected with a vane on the roof. Most people who have lived in England know when there is an east wind before they get out of bed. But William, who had asthma, and was always longing to get to Holland, wanted his dial, first to tell him whether he would make his cough worse if he went out, and secondly to know if there was a fair wind to run over to Holland in his yacht.

"Cottage Homes" for the aged poor, for the provision of which a Bill has been brought into the House of Commons, seem likely to rank with the *Châteaux en Espagne*, humble though the project is. Even the Duke of Bedford, who is amongst the kindest of landlords, comments on the difficulty of providing this accommodation satisfactorily, apart from questions of expense. The old people always want to be sole occupiers; and when they become so infirm that there is a danger of their falling into the fire they object to any system of "chumage." "I want the place to myself, and I don't want to be messed about," was the remark with which his Grace, or his agent, was confronted when proposals of this kind were made. Then, as Dr. Rhodes, chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the Poor Law Unions Association pointed out, if you put the "best" of the old people into cottage homes you create a class distinction, because those in the workhouses are by inference the "worse" of the aged poor, and there will be a tendency to diminish expenditure on them. Our own opinion is that probably a middle course could

be found by making the rules in workhouses more elastic for the old people. Let husbands and wives live together if they wish, and give them ample chance to go out and visit their friends.

To lovers of nature with a taste for sport what can be more delightful than a day's otter-hunting. The pursuit of the otter leads us into most charming surroundings and opens out stretches of English river scenery at other times jealously guarded. A mile or two of a Hampshire or Wiltshire trout stream is worth a small income, and outsiders are not welcome. The stream that holds trout contain eels, too, as a rule, and the eel is perhaps the otter's favourite food. If they are not too numerous, otters are most useful on a trout river in keeping down the eels, the worst of all the enemies that beset the valuable fry. It must be confessed, however, that the otter is not averse to an occasional meal of salmon or trout when he can get it. Yet, like other wild animals, he probably makes the prey most easy to capture his staple food, and eels and coarse fish are his ordinary diet. Moreover, the otter is easily kept within limits as to number on any particular stream by the visits of the hounds, for he is a shy animal, and if much persecuted changes for a time, at least, his haunts. Therefore he deserves more consideration than he receives from owners and keepers of streams full of game fish, on account of his graceful ways, his not inconsiderable services in the destruction of eels, and the excellent and inexpensive sport he provides.

For of all forms of hunting, otter-hunting makes least demands on the purse. In subscription packs the sum asked from members is a small one, and the equipment of the otter-hunter simply consists in the oldest clothes in his wardrobe. The pack consists of true otter-hounds, rough and picturesque, of big dog fox-hounds, and of half-breeds. These last are perhaps the most useful of all. The otter-hound rejoices, it may be, too much in the scent of his quarry, and sometimes hangs on the line; the fox-hound is too impetuous; but the cross bred hound may, and sometimes does, partake of the good qualities of both.

A correspondent was writing to us only last week about the parched condition of the surface soil in Kent and Sussex. His heart will have been cheered, and his garden refreshed, since he uttered that lamentation. Moreover, this plump of rain will have freshened up not only the land but the rivers. It has put fresh life into the streams just at the crucial time—before the coming of the May-fly. Of course this coming is not a fixed date. On the lower Test it is a deal earlier than on the upper waters, and there again earlier than in some other rivers that the fly frequents. But, roughly speaking, we may look for it about the beginning of June, and this year all points to a really good May-fly season. Hitherto, with our cold spring, there has been little of the smaller fly on the water; but that is no reason why the May-fly should not have some warm days for their hatching. Undoubtedly, the May-fly is extending its range in our rivers. It will be interesting to see the degree of its further extension this spring.

A visitor to the Zoo has lately been much exercised by the fact that the elephant was able to appreciate—to pick up with his trunk and convey to his mouth—so tiny an article as a small liver pill. In itself the fact is surprising enough, but surely the surprise argues some ignorance of the natural history taught us in our first childish books, where the spectacle of an elephant picking up a pin with his trunk was always, and most properly, exhibited as an instance of the wonders of creation. Apparently the elephant at the Zoo found himself so much the better for his first pill that he opened his enormous mouth to receive a second, which the generous giver threw accurately into the gulf. What a much more pleasant game golf would be if the relative sizes of ball and hole were more like this.

A curious cargo is being brought over to Europe by a Portuguese ship, the *Atlantico*. It consists of a cargo of snakes. The species are not named, but they include boa-constrictors more than 30ft. long. One report tells us that all come from the Amazon river and its banks; but another that there are specimens from Africa and Asia, too. It is not quite evident why African and Asiatic snakes should travel to Europe *via* Brazil; but there is always a curious quality about snake stories. They are for exhibition, we are told, by some French snake charmers at the Paris Exposition.

London folk complain, not unreasonably, of fogs, that they make gardens black, among their other unpleasantnesses; but really the London fog is an innocuous thing in comparison with some of those sulphurous fogs that are incidental to life in the Black Country. There might be made quite a long list of the plants to which these are virtually fatal, to say nothing of all those to which they are merely hurtful. A whole garden of promising

strawberries may be reduced to worthlessness by the visitation of a single night's fog of this sulphuric kind, and other sorts fare no better. It is only a marvel, all things considered, that people have the good heart to garden in the Black Country at all.

To people who are fond of their dinners, it is very good news that the Cunarder *Tyria* has arrived in Liverpool from Egypt with 30,000 live quails on board. They say that the birds, which had two Egyptian nurses on the ship for the special purpose of feeding and looking after them, arrived fat and well, and went on, in the best of spirits, to the London market. Very few died. It is the first time, we believe, that an importation of these nice little birds on anything like this scale has been tried; and the result has been so good that no doubt it will be repeated—with good appetite. Poor little quails!

The latest bulldog show at the Aquarium was without doubt the best in quality, as it was the biggest, in point of entries, ever held. The Westminster Aquarium Company has been very successful with its dog-shows lately; it is only the other day that we were noticing the excellence of the fox-terrier show on the same benches. The bulldog show was really under the organisation of the Bulldog Club. In the light-weight class there was not a dog of any note that was absent, and there was a great meeting of champions in the heavy-weight class, too. Out of an entry of 440 only 238 were benched; but this number is said to be thirty-five in excess of the numbers at any previous show. This is now the twenty-sixth show held under the auspices of the Bulldog Club.

Never, perhaps, has the value of novelty in bowling been more strikingly in evidence than in the week or two of our present cricket season. It is ever thus. A bowler, provided always that he be a good bowler, is a terror in first-class cricket for a while. Then the first-class batsmen begin to know him as well as a kelt knows a Jock Scott, and he is shorn of half his terrors. Brown (not J. T., but he of Darfield) for Yorkshire, and Young, of course, for Essex (conqueror of the Antipodes), are the modern instances that point this general statement so sharply. Possibly Howell's great work against Surrey may be taken as further witness of its truth.

Following the successful sale of the Duke of Beaufort's Usk properties the following estates are recorded as changing hands within the past week:—Near Reigate, the Nynthurst estate of 1,183 acres, price not stated, and near Gloucester, the Brockworth property of only 727 acres for over £20,000. £28 per acre is a highly satisfactory price in these days, and, for a property of this medium size, must be considered very encouraging to owners of landed property. The Wootton Court estate, in the same county, realised £29,000. We have dealt with this subject elsewhere; but the weekly list of such sales shows clearly that land, which was a favourite and standard form of investment from the end of the last century until twenty years ago, bids fair to resume once more its place in the esteem of capitalists.

No precautions should be omitted by the Indian authorities to stop the chigoe or "jigger" plague from spreading to India. Once there, it would never go, and another trial would be added to Indian life, which at present does not suffer greatly from insect pests. The chigoe is a West Indian sand flea, which burrows in the toes and feet, and has a nest of horrible eggs deep under the skin. This sets up blood-poisoning. The creatures were imported from the West Indies to the East Coast of Africa; and now that the Sikhs and other Indian soldiers employed there are returning to India, many of them have to go into hospital from this cause. It is easy to treat the soldiers, but how can the hundreds of coolies and traders returning yearly to India from the new territories in Africa be prevented from importing the jigger? Fortunately, none of these horrors flourish in our climate, though cases of guinea-worm often develop in soldiers back from the tropics.

The Norfolk Poaching Prevention Society publish a report which is highly discreditable to the game dealers of their county town. In 1897 the committee issued a circular to the licensed game dealers of Norwich asking for their support in putting down the illicit traffic in partridges' eggs, and asking them, with this view, to let the committee know the names of persons from whom they purchased them. If the persons had a right to sell the eggs there could be no objection to it being known. If they had no right, then the dealers as honourable, or even honest, men, could not object to being informed of the fact. According to Mr. C. Row, solicitor of the society, no reply was at first received. When pressed, one of the leading firms stated that in their opinion the proposal was most unfair unless the person supplying the eggs sanctioned the name of the estate being

given! Now in America, if this reply were published in *Forest and Stream*, there would be an Act passed in the State Legislature of that county to make this information compulsory before two months were over. It is simply playing into the hands of the egg stealers, and shows a deplorable want of straight dealing.

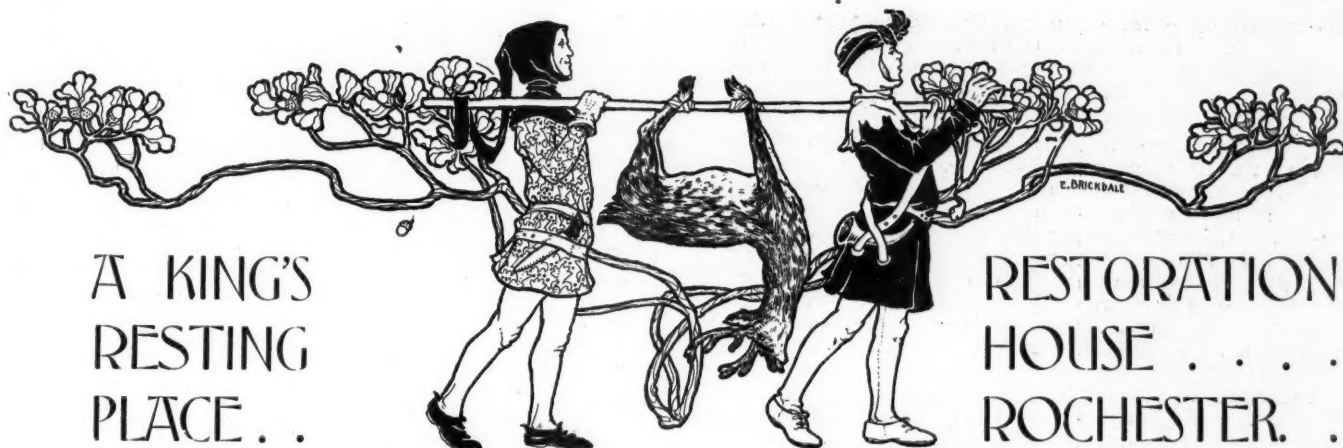
It is unpleasant news to hear that Loch Leven, the most romantic among the lakes of Scotland, is in danger of becoming covered with an obnoxious weed, which is spreading in an alarming manner, to the dismay of all concerned in the fishing interests of the loch. For some two years past the presence of this member of the anacharis tribe of water plants has been known, but no satisfactory explanation of the method by which it found its way into the waters has yet been arrived at. One ingenious authority has expressed the opinion that it was introduced with some gold fish, which were purchased and turned out into the loch. The fish were bought from hawkers in globes, in which it is supposed there were supplies of this foreign weed. Others assert that it was brought into the vicinity by an American timber ship. Be this as it may, the inconvenience to which the ever-increasing masses of weed give rise is very considerable. Anglers and others are viewing with keen interest the steps that are being taken to destroy the encroaching plant. We cannot pretend to offer any further suggestion beyond those that have been made as the best means to this end, but can only express the hope that whatever is done may result in the preservation of this picturesque sheet of water.

In this country some time will have to pass before the public, especially the lower orders, cease to regard the motor-car as a source of danger, from its presumed liability to run away, break down, catch fire, or "bust up." Yet the statistics of Brussels street traffic offer no justification whatever for such belief. On the contrary, it has been found that the accidents caused by auto-cars are *proportionately* only one-twentieth of those due to horse-carriages. Of course, allowance must be made for the fact that most of the auto-cars are new and are driven by respectable or responsible people; whereas the large majority of carriage and cart accidents occur through cheap or old vehicles, bad steeds, and drunken or ignorant drivers. But these causes can hardly account for nineteen-twentieths of the accidents, and unless they do, the preference for safety must, *ceteris paribus*, be given to the motor over the horse, so far at least as Belgian traffic is concerned.

Great satisfaction pervades Indian polo-playing circles at the final collapse of the agitation in favour of 14h. ponies instead of 13h. 3in. The ground is so hard and the play so fast in India that an added inch makes a lot of difference, apart from the question of the supply of ponies and interference with the sources of Army remounts. But those most pleased with the decision are players whose stables are already filled with ponies certificated as 13h. 3in. or under. Is it that they dread being handicapped in playing against men on larger mounts? Not a bit of it. What they fear, and with good reason, is that their own ponies, with life certificates of 13h. 23in., would not be able to pass under the 14h. cross-bar! And thereby hang many tales of the measurement of Anglo-Indian polo ponies, for the horse is a noble animal, and you can "educate" him to stand down many inches to be measured. To play with him in that state is another thing.

An experimental enquiry into the fish of the Nile river has lately been commenced under the direction of Mr. Leonard Loat. Lake Menzaleh is the first source that will be made to deliver up its fishy secrets. The specimens will be sent home to the Natural History Museum to be examined by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, the ichthyological professor. The value of the Nile fisheries, if any, appears to be quite an unknown quantity at present. Tommy Atkins on campaign has not made much of it. No doubt the great dams that are being made will alter the distribution of the fish, and it is well that something should be known about them before it is too late to retrace steps that may be regretted.

We hope the very best things of Professor Cervello's method of applying formalina (its properties have long been known; it was the method of application that had to be invented) to the destruction of the consumption bacillus. At present he does not seem to have found any way of applying it except to the human sufferer. If he could get it to effect a cure in our affected cows he would deserve our best thanks. For one thing, it would mean arresting it at a stage earlier, and the proportion of our cows that "react" after inoculation is really quite alarming. It would be a boon to the farmer if any means of saving the cow's life could be contrived. At present the only cure is kill.



A KING'S RESTING PLACE..

RESTORATION HOUSE ROCHESTER.

ON the great Roman road between London and Dover, and near to the river Medway, in the ancient city of Rochester, stands "The Restoration House," where King Charles II. sojourned and slept on the eve of the Restoration. A well-known writer—the late "A.K.H.B."—says: "Here is Restoration House. Antique peace rests on that ivy-grown front, on those quaint windows and chimneys. You enter in, and staircases and passages and wainscoted chambers carry you centuries away. There are human beings who fancy (of course it is a vain fancy) that, might they but fly away to such a house, they would be at rest from a weary world, whose burden is

beyond heart or strength, and where things in general tend to be gritty."

Rochester is so bound up with the works of Charles Dickens that the important historical interest of the city is apt to be overlooked. Here, in 1300, King Edward I. visited the cathedral and offered at the shrine of St. William the sum of 7s.; John II., King of France, made an offering of £6 13s. 4d. in 1360; Henry VII. paid three visits to Rochester; Charles V., Emperor of Germany, visited the town in 1522; here King Henry VIII. met Anne of Cleves; and in September, 1573, Queen Elizabeth sojourned four days. There also came to

Rochester, James I., his Queen, and Prince Henry; Charles I.; Charles II., of whom we now specially treat; James II., an unwilling visitor; William IV.; and Her Majesty Queen Victoria (when Princess).

Two hundred and thirty-nine years ago the "Protectorate" of the two Cromwells had come to an end, and on the 28th of this month of May Charles Stuart II. was journeying from Dover, through Canterbury, to London, and was "coming into his own again." At five o'clock in the afternoon he arrived in Rochester, which the good citizens had decorated with "banners and ribbons and silver bodkins and many beautiful garlands and costly scarves and ribbons," etc. He went to the house of Colonel Gibbon—since, and still, known as the Restoration House—where also the Dukes of York and Gloucester lodged. "After His Majesty had in his chamber ate something to refresh himself, he went to Chatham to see the Royal Sovereign, a large ship which lay there, and which, with others, he then renamed, and returned that night to Colonel Gibbon, his house, and about eight of the clock supped, where he lay, and was by the Colonel presented with a most dutiful and loyal address from him and his regiment, which was then quartered in Rochester."

The Restoration House was owned by Francis Clerke, who had been Recorder and afterwards member of Parliament for the city. The house was seized by Cromwell, Francis Clerke being a staunch Royalist. Gibbon, who was in command of Cromwell's troops, occupied the house during operations in the neighbourhood, it being the largest and best. Clerke subsequently redeemed the place by a payment



to Cromwell's Commissioners of £200, the money being of more value to Cromwell than the house. Colonel Gibbon, like the Vicar of Bray, was won over to the Royal cause; he did not mind who reigned so long as he commanded. Cromwell had endowed him with vast lands, and loaded him with honours; "The Merrie Monarch" won him over to himself by confirming, instead of annulling, the Protector's gifts.

There was great rejoicing in the old city of Rochester that night of May 28th. John Marloe, the Mayor of Rochester, with the aldermen and council, received the King and presented him with a loyal address and a silver basin and ewer. This present cost the citizens £100. It would be interesting to know if this basin and ewer are still in existence, and, if so, where they are to be found; they would scarcely have been destroyed or melted down, and it is, therefore, probable that they may still be happily preserved in one of the Royal collections.

A late chronicler suggests that the Corporation must have been anxious that the King should leave the city with clean hands. The record in the Corporation books is as follows: "John Marloe Mayor 1659-60. At a special meeting for the Mayor, Aldermen and Com. Counsell of the said Cittie, the 25th day of



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DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

May 1660, It is ordered and agreed . . . Whereas John Marloe Esq. . . . pd. and disbursed for a faire piece of plate (being a bason and ewer gilt) to be presented in the name of the Mayor and C. &c. to the King's Majtie on his Highness passing through the same cittie the sum of one hundred pounds and whereas several gent. and other p.sons in about the Cittie have subscribed to pay so much of the said £100 as shall not be repaid . . ."

The King knighted Francis Clerke, the owner of Restoration House, and presented him with three pieces of Mortlake tapestry, which still decorate the walls of the rooms.

The house is of red brick, and is, in plan, a letter E, the two wings forming the two arms of the letter, and the porch representing the central projection. It was built in 1587, and in the year 1607 was owned by one Nicholas Morgan, who gave it as a marriage portion to his daughter, who married Henry Clerke (knighted by Charles I.), the father of the Sir Francis Clerke mentioned above. The Kent branch of this family of

Clerke (celebrated at Thame, Kingsthorpe, and in Warwickshire) became extinct, and the property, after changing owners on several occasions, came into the possession of the present owner in 1875. The west front of the house has fifty-two windows, and this



Copyright

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

overlooks "the Vines," the ancient viney of the Monastery of St. Andrew, Rochester, where grapes were grown and wine was made, as is shown by the cathedral records (Thorpe's MSS.). The celebrated Samuel Pepys visited the house on the last day of June, 1667. "A fine walk, and there saw Sir F. Clerke's house, which is a pretty seat, and into the cherry garden, and here met with a young, plain, silly shopkeeper and his wife, a pretty young woman, and I did kiss her."

It is said that Charles Dickens was very fond of the house; it was the Satis house of Miss Havisham in his "Great Expectations." "Everybody for miles round has heard of Miss Havisham up-town as an immensely rich and grim lady, who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion." "I had stopped to look at the house as I passed, which, with its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong ivy, clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons as if with sinewy old arms, made up a rich attractive mystery."

The house is partly covered with ivy of considerable age, the roots of which have been found 30ft. below the surface of the ground, and reaching to the water in the well. On entering the porch, the hall is on the right hand. At the further end of the hall is the daïs, raised about 5in. or 6in. above the level of the hall, where the King sat at supper. One of the three staircases coeval with the house leads from the daïs to the rooms above.



Copyright FIREPLACE IN GUESTS' ROOM. "C.L."

Beyond this, and at the back of the house, is the drawing-room, panelled with oak, and having a handsome chimney-piece, on the lower part of which are carvings representing peace and war, and, above, what are supposed to be models of the owner and his wife and their four children. At one end of the room is a large bay window looking into the garden, and here illustrated.

The west or front room of this wing formerly held the tapestry given by the King, but it now hangs on the grand staircase. Above this room are a Jacobean chimney-piece and three windows of different sizes with oak mullions; some of the original panelling remains, also rich frieze or cornice.

Considerable alterations were made in the centre of the house about the year 1660, when a large drawing-room or ball-room was formed over the hall. A new and wide staircase was at the same time added. In the northern or left-hand wing, at the back of the house, on the first floor and at the end of the large room (the broad staircase intervening), is the spacious room in which, according to tradition, the King slept. There is a secret passage through one of the panels of this room, discovered in 1885, which communicates with the room above and the garden below through a cupboard. From the basement is an underground passage about 14ft. below the surface of the ground, some 5ft. 7in. high, and 2ft. in width. This passage passes through the foundations of the house in the direction of the river. Above the passage are narrow windows in three floors. These are cut through the wall of the house diagonally,



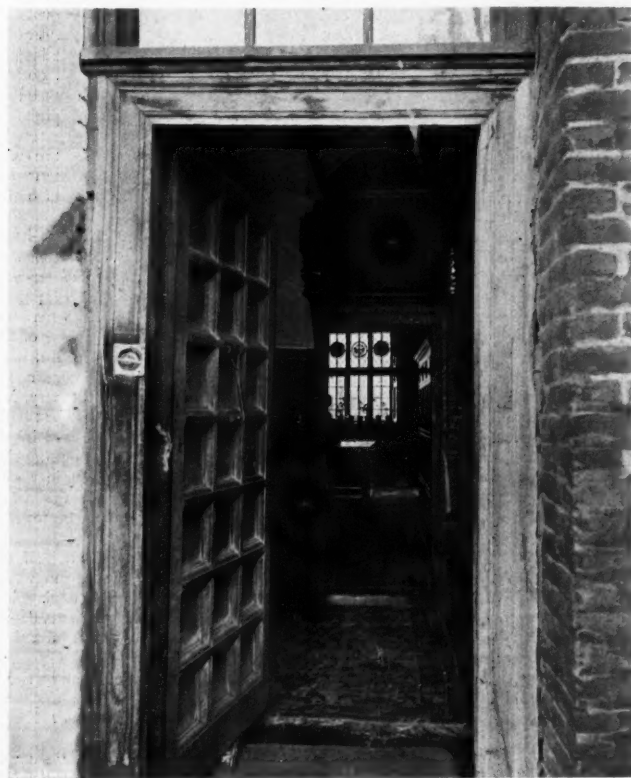
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FROM THE GARDEN.

"C.L."

and at the same angle as the passage, probably for watching signals at the further end. A few yards from the house, in the middle of the passage, is a well, supposed to have been intended as a "trap well."

At 5 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, May 29th, the King, who had come into Rochester on horseback, "set forth from the Restoration House in his coach," amid the wildest expressions of joy for that important day. He reached Blackheath at 9 a.m., and "on the further side of Blackheath took horse," and was met by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. The procession then formed, and (according to Evelyn) it took seven hours to pass through London, so enormous was its extent: "20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strewd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapisry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets,



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A SIDE ENTRANCE.

"C.L."

music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester. I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God." CLAUDE AVELING.

Literary Notes.

AS on-lookers proverbially see most of the game, the present "Looker-on" feels exempt from becoming an active participant in the dispute that has been raging between Dr. Conan Doyle and Dr. Robertson Nicholl about the propriety of reviews sent by the same person to different papers and periodicals. Whatever the merits of the case in point, there can be no doubt that the practice opens the door to a good many abuses. At the same time a distinction or two ought to be drawn, which Dr. Conan Doyle has ignored in his most vigorous onslaught. A specialist, for instance, could easily write two, or even three, reviews on a voluminous history, like Mr. Lecky's for example, without unduly repeating himself or scamping his work. It is otherwise in composing a notice of a novel—and fiction was probably uppermost in Dr. Doyle's mind—though even a work of the imagination can be approached from more points of view than one. Again, even if that particular literary sin is rather rife at present, it was indisputably much rarer some ten or twelve years ago. Those were the days in which an active gang of "log-rollers" used not only to review the same book in two or three papers, but also to review each other's books on the "scratch my back and I'll scratch your's" principle. They raised certain works, thereby, to a temporary popularity by no means their due, though the presumption is that, in the long run, a book ultimately finds its proper level, whatever criticism may have to say about it.

"Log-rolling" is at least good-natured; the deliberate wrecking of reputations would be abominable. But do any literary conspiracies of that kind exist? We often hear of them, but when their imaginary victims are asked to produce proofs, they invariably take refuge in sweeping generalities. It may be said that the law of libel renders exposures risky, but that is an argument which cuts both ways. The truth would really seem to be that though certain schools of literature—the so-called "Kailyard," for instance—get mercilessly "slated" in certain papers, combinations against unpopular individuals are practically unknown. The game would be a highly-dangerous one to play with editors, who are naturally most touchy about the suspicion of serving as anvils for any particular axe. If, on the other hand, writers find themselves ignored, they have probably been ill-advised enough to bring out their books in the full tide of the publishing season, when, with all the goodwill in the world, it must be a matter of chance among the smaller fry which attract attention and which fail to do so.

Miss Helen Milman, or, as she has now become, Mrs. Caldwell Crampton, has selected an opportune moment for the issue of her pretty little volume, "My Roses, and How I Grew Them" (John Lane). She writes in a severely practical spirit, and does not, after the manner of Dean Hole, combine instruction with humour. But Miss Milman's advice seems thoroughly sound, notably in the matter of planting. How often would one's susceptibilities be spared the sight of unsymmetrical beds if gardeners would only follow her simple plan. "Have a lot of short stakes cut, and one stick the exact length from the edge of the bed to where the stem of each rose is to be, and one stick the exact length from rose to rose." This extract will show the competent manner in which Miss Milman supplies hints for rose-growers out of the fulness of her seven years' experience.

Mr. William A. Dutt is not unknown to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. He may confine himself to a small corner of England, but he has studied its ways and its moods from end to end. In "Highways, Byways, and Water-ways of East Anglia" (Simpkin and Marshall) he gives some very characteristic pieces of natural observation. "Among the Marshfolk" strikes me as being, perhaps, the cleverest set of sketches in the collection. "To live in the midst of the marshes," he exclaims, enthusiastically, "is to know, in the fullest sense, what is meant by the freedom of an unfettered existence." The Borrow country has never lacked competent exponents of its beauties, and, in his quiet way, Mr. Dutt is as capable as any of them. He does not rage about Nature, but just looks her all over, and conveys his impressions without exaggeration. The Richard Jefferies' people invariably have recourse to ecstasy, without always producing a corresponding effect on their readers. And if Mr. Dutt's style seems sometimes unduly restrained, it must be remembered that he is describing a land of greys and browns, not of azure and the bright hues of tropical vegetation.

No. 1 of "The Novelist," Mr. E. W. Hornung's "Dead Men Tell No Tales," has been sent us by Messrs. Methuen, and a marvellous sixpennyworth it is. As I recently remarked, the cover of scarlet and gold is calculated to catch the eye on a crowded bookstall, and that is no small recommendation from the sellers' point of view. Messrs. Methuen, too, have produced a page that can be easily read in the railway train, and that will be voted a godsend by purchasers. As for the story, if not quite so good as the same writer's "Amateur Cracksman," it holds the attention from start to finish, and should materially tend to shorten a journey from Paddington to Exeter or King's Cross to Manchester.

The Dickens "boom" shows no signs of being followed by a "slump," and that is all to the good. I hear that a photographic companion to the works of the great novelist is being prepared, and that we may expect full details shortly. An excellent idea; but what a pity that somebody did not think of it



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THE DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

about ten years ago! The necessity of opening out London has removed a good many Dickens landmarks lately—Furnival's Inn, for example, where he began "The Pickwick Papers." I do not gather, however, that the venture will be confined to photographs executed for the occasion, and have not Mr. Hammond Hall and Mr. Lionel Gowing shown us the infinite possibilities of Dickens illustration outside London by combining, as writer and photographer, to produce a volume on such a limited portion of Dickens literature as "Mr. Pickwick in Kent"?

We have not heard much about Klondyke of late, and, after the first deluge of exaggerated hopes and equally misrepresented sufferings, it is just as well. Mr. C. Kirk, however, will shortly publish with Mr. Heinemann an account of his hardships and adventures in that remote district, with illustrations from sketches and photographs. The book is to be called "Twelve Months in Klondyke." Mr. Kirk was one of the first to make the hazardous journey, and so he can claim to have known the field almost from the beginning of things. He is no "blower," and so intending emigrants may rely upon him to give truthful information. Whether it will be encouraging or the reverse remains to be seen; but an account of Klondyke, written from a disinterested standpoint, should be enough of a novelty to gain for it an appreciative public.

Among the teachers of botany who have the courage to free the subject of superfluous science, Mr. Edward Step is probably the best known. He is about, it is understood, to bring out, with Messrs. F. Waine as his publishers, a new book, entitled, "The Romance of Wild Flowers." The volume will be an interesting association of father and daughter, since Miss Step is responsible for the greater part of the illustrations. The scope of the book is described as including "an account of the habits of wild flowers, the manner in which they secure food and position, their friendly and unfriendly relations with insects, and their colonising methods." This is no dry-as-dust botany, and as there are learned treatises in abundance on the subject, Mr. Step is to be commended for his new departure. He is also editing for the same publishers Anne Pratt's "Flowering Plants, Grasses, and Ferns of Great Britain," which has been long out of print.

"Rolf Boldrewood" has a nephew, and his name is John Sylvester Walker. He has already written a study of Australian bush life, entitled "When the Mopoke Calls," which is very popular with our Antipodean cousins. His latest effort, also on bush life, "From the Land of the Wombat," will be published by Mr. John Long early next month.

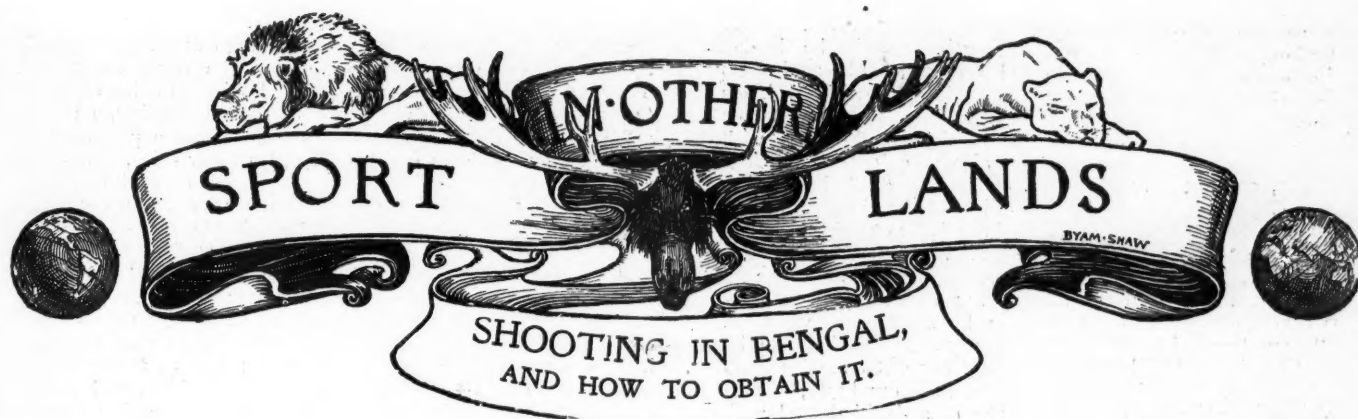
Books to order from the library:—

- "When the Sleeper Wakes." H. G. Wells. (Harpers.)
- "Ma Mère." Vicomte Jean de Luz. (Smith and Elder.)
- "Annals of Shrewsbury School." The Late G. W. Fisher. (Methuen.)
- "Our Lady of the Green" (a book of ladies' golf). L. M. Ckern and M. Boys. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

LOOKER-ON.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is from a portrait of the Countess of Darnley, who was married to the seventh Earl in January last. The Countess is the only daughter of Mrs. Blackwood, of Ostringe Place, Kent, and the late Mr. Francis Blackwood, and is a cousin of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. The seats of the Earl of Darnley, who succeeded to the title in 1896, and who takes his place in the House of Lords as Baron Clifton, are Cobham Hall, Gravesend, Clifton Lodge, Athboy, County Meath, and Dumpton Park, Ramsgate.



WITH the present facilities for travel and accelerated means of locomotion, countries hitherto considered beyond the reach of the ordinary tourist or sportsman have been brought so near to us, that a trip to India is now as easy to accomplish as one to France or any other part of the European Continent. But for the luxuriously-inclined traveller, accustomed to the ease and luxury of "personally conducted" tours, the distance, and comparatively long sea voyage, which neither science nor Messrs. Cook and Co. have as yet succeeded in reducing to an Easter or Whitsuntide excursion, may still be deemed too far for holiday travel, more especially as the hotels and other modern European conveniences in India are not as yet sufficiently up to date to make up for other discomforts that may have to be endured. To the sportsman, however, these little drawbacks will probably be thought unworthy of consideration, and rightly so, for as a hunting ground there is probably no country in the world in which a keen sportsman could spend four or five months to better advantage than in the plains of India, provided he goes the right way to work—and the proviso in this case is a very important factor, for many persons unacquainted with the country and its customs appear to be under the impression that anyone possessed of sufficient means to defray the expenses of the journey and cost of the necessary equipment for an expedition into the jungles, has only to transport himself and his belongings to Calcutta, and he will there obtain all the information and assistance necessary for his further movements! But this is a most mistaken notion, for India is not like Africa, in the days of Gordon-Cumming, Du Chaillu, and others, when expeditions could be organised and good sport obtained by practically any person who cared to take the trouble, and could afford to take the risk, of purchasing waggons, teams of oxen, stores, etc., on the chance of ultimately recouping himself by the sale of ivory and trophies he might or might not eventually procure.

But it must be remembered that to obtain really good sport even in Africa it was, and probably still is, necessary to proceed far into the interior, beyond the limits of civilisation and of British rule, whereas in British India the best sport is often to be had in the forests and grass plains of "districts," or administrative divisions of the country, under the absolute control of British officials, whose word is law, and without whose assistance, or at least approval, the stranger could do little, and would not, to use a Yankeeism, have "a very good time"; for the Anglo-Indian official, amongst his other characteristics, good, bad, or indifferent, is from the very nature of his position somewhat of an autocrat, and would not therefore be disposed to look with particular favour on any "outsider" who had come to shoot in his district without his knowledge. Hence anyone who wishes to obtain sport in India, and would do so under the most favourable auspices, should get himself properly accredited to friends in India either personally or through mutual friends; and as in the present day the two countries are so closely connected, there should be no difficulty in obtaining the necessary introductions. These once obtained, the intending sportsman, in nine cases out of ten, will find a hearty welcome, and be astonished at the ease with which all difficulties will be removed from his path.

Assuming, then, that this first difficulty can be overcome, the next point for consideration is the particular kind of shooting required; but whether this be big game or feather, or both, no better choice of ground could be made than Bengal or its sub-province, Assam, for in both these provinces there still exist certain tracts of Government reserve forests and grasslands in which game of all kind abounds—the larger animals in the forest, and the smaller and feather of several varieties in the grass-covered plains; in fact, really good snipe and quail shooting may be found almost anywhere, from October to March, in the rice-fields and marshes of any district, some of the best grounds being within easy distance of Calcutta itself, where a good bag of snipe may be made with comparative ease between breakfast and afternoon tea!

We now come to the all-important question of the "battery" the sportsman should take out with him, and in this connection it must be remembered that India is essentially a country of "all-round shooting," hence a rifle or a smooth-bore that carries ball effectively up to 100yds., such as the Paradox, or Ubique, is an absolute necessity, in addition to an ordinary double-barrelled smooth-bore. A gun of this description and an Express rifle or



A SHOOTING CAMP—8 A.M.

special ball gun, as described above, might be sufficient for all practical purposes, but if money is no object, to be really efficient the battery should consist of the following: 1, A double-barrelled 8-bore rifle; 2, a .500 Express; 3, a double-barrelled 12-bore shot-gun; and as an extra rifle, for use when necessary, might be added a .500 Express Winchester Repeater, 1886 pattern, with short magazine, as a repeating rifle is often extremely useful in a howdah; in the case, for instance, of a fighting tiger, when even a staunch elephant is often roused to anger, and though he does not actually run away, is frequently so unsteady that recharging the chambers of a double-barrel is by no means easy to accomplish—more especially by persons unaccustomed to shooting off elephants—whereas the simple action of the Winchester Repeater lever can generally be manipulated with comparative ease in any emergency, care, of course, being taken that the magazine is loaded to its fullest capacity beforehand. As regards ammunition for the various weapons above enumerated, it is better to purchase it in Calcutta; it will, of course, be more expensive, but on the other hand there will be no danger of misfire through possible exposure to the sea air in transit. If the smooth-bore is intended for ball, the best cases should be used for the ball cartridges; but for shot the cheapest will do

equally well, unless Schultze powder is preferred. Amongst the rifle cartridges a certain proportion should be loaded with solid ball for thick-skinned animals, such as buffalo or bison and rhino. For tiger, bear, leopard, and all kinds of deer there is nothing better than the partially hollow Express bullet with plenty of base; the smooth-bore, with solid ball and $\frac{3}{4}$ drs. of powder, is also very effective at close quarters, and more handy for snap-shooting than the heavier Express. Before concluding the subject of the battery, there is one piece of advice necessary, viz., that whatever rifles and guns are finally decided upon, they should all be by good makers and with the simplest and least complicated actions. Whether new or second-hand does not much matter, provided they are in good serviceable condition; but in making his selection of weapons, let the sportsman be careful to resist any attempts that may be made to include in his list that mythical but often much-lauded implement commonly known as "the best all-round gun," which occasionally takes the dangerous form of a double-barrel with one barrel rifled and the other smooth—theoretically, no doubt, an admirable weapon, but for all practical purposes as absolutely useless as it is dangerous. For imagine the position of the unhappy sportsman, whether in a howdah or on foot, armed with a gun of this description, in an encounter with a wounded tiger—when the whole of his attention should be devoted to the animal—having to grope about in his cartridge-bag for the proper cartridge, which, if he is lucky enough to find, must be inserted in the proper barrel, any little mistake on his part probably resulting in a burst barrel and consequent loss of life or limb, to say nothing of the added danger from the tiger, whose temper would not be likely to be improved nor his powers of destruction impaired by a charge of No. 6 shot! For be it understood that of all powerful and savage animals, a wounded tiger is the most formidable, and instances are not wanting in which even double-barrelled rifles of heavy calibre have failed to stop his headlong charge! What chance, therefore, would there be for the unfortunate individual armed with one rifle-barrel, and that possibly loaded with the wrong cartridge? No; inventions and experiments are all very well in their way, but in hunting dangerous game, when one's life may at any moment depend on the quick and effective firing of a rifle, all "fads" and experimental weapons are out of place and should be left severely alone.

The important items of battery and ammunition being disposed of, the next subject of interest to the sportsman will naturally be his kit and outfit. Of the former he will need but little, as a tent and the necessary furniture is always provided for all guests in a shooting camp; but if he wishes to be really comfortable, he would do well to take out with him—1, a light, strong, and portable camp bed, with a thin mattress and a pair of good blankets, all packing into a waterproof bag; 2, travelling bath fitted with inside wicker basket, with lid, sufficiently large to hold a couple of suits and sufficient change of linen for, say, ten days; 3, a hold-all, in which can be packed ulster, dressing-gown, and waterproof cape; 4, a luncheon-basket fitted for one person; and lastly, a dressing-bag, with everything necessary in the way of brushes, combs, shaving traps, etc. As for outfit, by which is meant clothes, so much depends on individual tastes and requirements, that it is difficult to advise; but for purely camp use, a large quantity of clothes is neither necessary nor desirable, as they only take up room in the tent, which, if the guest happens to be a bachelor, is generally a small one. A couple of shooting suits therefore of "khaki," made in the shape of what is known as a golf suit but with four large pockets, and a suit of light tweed, and one of dark blue or grey serge or flannel, will be quite sufficient for day wear, with a smoking or undress evening suit for dinner, and a warm ulster, which should always be taken in the howdah, as in the months of December, January, and part of February the evenings are extremely cold, and the return to camp often very late. As regards under-clothing, linen, etc., the sportsman must use his own discretion,

but need not take too large a supply of the latter, as there is always a washerman in camp, and washing can be done quickly and well. As to boots and shoes too, the fewer the better. They are awkward things to pack and take up a lot of room. One pair of strong waterproof boots for snipe shooting, a pair of ordinary tan shoes and comfortable pumps, and a pair of good buckskin tennis shoes with thick, red rubber soles, should be ample. The latter will be found most suitable for the howdah, as they are noiseless, and give a good grip when standing up to shoot. Head covering, being an important item, has been left to the last. This should be a "solah topee" or sun-hat, made of "solah" or pith, the best shape being that known as the "polo," covered with quilted Italian cloth, and should be purchased in the country and not from a London outfitter. Solah being so cheap and easily procurable in India, it is not worth while to use anything but the pure article in the manufacture; but to make sure, it would be as well to test the hat before purchase, and this is easily done by selecting an uncovered one and making a small cut with a sharp knife into the edge; then if any paper or other material has been used, it will be at once detected. It may at first sight appear ridiculous to take all this trouble about a hat, but as it makes all the difference in the world to the comfort and health of the sportsman whether the hat is of pure pith or not, "the game is worth the candle." A hat of pure solah only weighs a few ounces, and is absolutely sunproof, whereas an adulterated one is not only very heavy, but useless as a protection. The clothing, etc., enumerated is of course only for actual camp use. For Calcutta, Bombay, or other large towns which may be visited, before or after the shooting expedition, the usual conventional garments will be necessary, and these should be packed in an air-tight steel trunk or uniform case, or left with friends in Calcutta till required.

Now as to the best time of the year for Indian shooting, this will depend entirely on the kind of sport desired. If big game, the best months are undoubtedly from February to the end of April, when the extensive grass jungles have been burnt inside and near to forests, and the comparatively smaller patches only left, out of which game can be beaten with greater ease and a smaller number of elephants; but if "feather" only is the object of the sportsman, then he may begin as early as the middle of October, and continue, if he can afford the time and has the opportunity, up to the end of March. During this time, if he is lucky and there are a few elephants in the camp, he might possibly get a shot or two at tiger, leopard, or bear and deer,



A USEFUL MEMBER.

according to the part of the country he is in. In many parts of Lower Bengal, wandering leopards occasionally take up their temporary residence in some patches of small scrub or grass jungle in the vicinity of villages, and sometimes even in the paddy or rice-fields adjoining them, especially just before harvest-time, when the crops are high and thick, affording excellent cover. Cases have been known of persons engaged in snipe shooting, three or four miles from the headquarters station of a district, being suddenly called upon to change their shot cartridge for ball, or their guns for a rifle, and with the assistance of the villagers to beat a leopard out of rice-fields adjoining the ones through which they had been walking up snipe a few minutes before; and within the writer's own cognition, on two occasions tigers were found under similar circumstances and eventually shot, but not before one of the enterprising sportsmen had, in each case, been badly mauled. The above experiences, however, prove how necessary it is in Indian shooting to have a rifle always handy, at any rate always when feather shooting on foot, to use a smooth bore, capable of carrying ball if required to do so, and always to be careful to have a few ball cartridges of a different colour to the shot ones, or distinctly marked, stowed away in an inside pocket of the cartridge-bag, as such lucky encounters, though of course rare, may occur at any time, and it would be a bitter disappointment to the keen sportsman if he were unable to take full advantage of his good fortune by reason

of his not being properly armed, for even the greenest of green shikaris would scarcely be so foolhardy as to attempt to wage war against tiger or leopard with shot only!

Having now informed the reader where to go, and how to set about it, to procure good shooting, he may reasonably wish to know what a trip of the kind depicted will cost. This, to a certain extent, depends on himself. Assuming that he is going out by invitation to friends, the only heavy item of expenditure will be his passage out and back, roughly about £125, if travelling first class; or, if second, £85—that is, if a return ticket is taken; and this should include all incidental expenses connected with the passage to Calcutta, but is exclusive of any purchases made at the different ports or in India. Then there is the railway journey from Calcutta to the camp, which may be roughly put down at £4; then come the wages of a servant, valet, and butler combined at £1 rs. a month, inclusive of his keep, “bukshish,” or presents; the pay to the driver of his own and the beater elephants would amount to, say, £4 or £5, unless the visitor has been singularly fortunate in bagging several head of rare game, such as tiger, rhino, or buffalo, to his own gun, in which case the rewards should be proportionately greater. The above sums totalled up, and taking the actual shooting trip at four months, represent about £138, not including, of course, the cost of guns, rifles, and ammunition, some of which the sportsman will probably already possess, and he can hire or borrow the rest, though it would be best to buy right out and sell at the end of the trip, which could possibly be arranged with the firm from which purchased. In the above estimate it will be seen that the passage is calculated at first-class fares, but there is no necessity to travel first, for the second-class accommodation on the P. and O. steamers is now so good that the extra £40 might well be saved, and go towards the hire or



A RARE SPECIMEN.

purchase of the battery. So many Indian officers, both civil and military, travel second class by the P. and O. now, that no inconvenience or discomfort of any kind would be felt. On the contrary, the traveller would probably find amongst his fellow-passengers many of his own class and station in life; indeed, except for the fact that there is a “high tea” at 6.30 instead of a dinner at 7, there is little difference made between the two classes. If due notice be given, East Indian agents, such as Messrs. Grinday, or King and Co., can even arrange for passengers to select their own cabin companions, or at any rate to ensure their being suitably berthed.

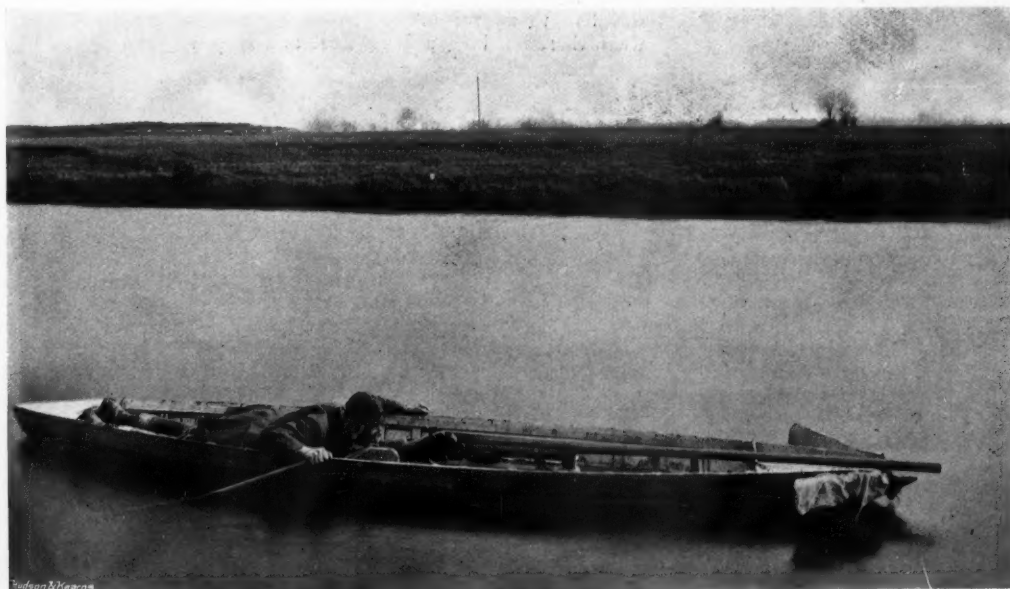
To conclude, should the traveller be a bad sailor, to whom the comparatively long sea voyage from London to Calcutta would be a trial, he should adopt the continental route *via* Brindisi and Bombay, but in that case should send his guns, camp kit, etc., in advance by a Calcutta steamer, and travel himself as light as possible.

EXPERTO CREDE.

The Last of the Yorkshire Wildfowlers.

THE regular wildfowler, the man who throughout the winter months makes the pursuit of duck his business and profession, is fast disappearing in the broad-acred county. A few there are, both on the coast and inland, who still continue to pursue the sport in a desultory sort of fashion, but the puntsmen equipped with boats and big guns are few and far between. Indeed, on inland flood-water the subject of this article, of whom more anon, is the only man in the county who

still pursues the sport on anything like a large scale. Many causes have combined to reduce the numbers of these wildfowlers, but the wildfowl themselves are still there in equal, if not in greater, numbers than they were fifty years ago, and in places I have seen the water black with them. In a capital cookery book by one Mrs. Glasse the authoress begins her article on puss with the wise advice of “First catch your hare,” and, of a truth, the same advice will soon have to be tendered in the case of the wild duck. In these days of cheap firearms, when everybody who can afford to pay 10s. for a licence carries a double-barrelled gas-pipe of some kind, and when many who cannot, or will not, afford to pay a similar sum—but who still enjoy the same rights and privileges as their more lawfully-inclined brethren—are always on the prowl, day and night, at flight and at rest, firing impossible shots, but always scaring the birds, no wonder that they are bad to approach. For every shooter there used to be there are now fifty, and their ideas as to meum and tuum being always of the vaguest, they have in many cases at last come to regard them as synonymous terms. To my mind wildfowling is the cream of sport with the gun, whether pursued in a punt, sitting in a hole dug out on the mud-flats, tramping through the marshes, or in a



TAKING AIM.

trim little vessel at sea. Perhaps it is that, being an ardent ornithologist, I am somewhat biased, for the mixed bag has to me such a charm, and the uncertainty as to what you may come across next in the shape of a rarity—peradventure even the great auk himself! But I do not write as that utter abomination to my mind, the mere collector, who would an' he could exterminate everything from the face of the earth. It gives me quite as much pleasure to observe rare birds with my field-glass and have them running or swimming about close to me as it does to shoot, stuff, and preserve them for my collection, and I have frequently had, and hope to have again, rarities within a few yards of me which many collectors would give a good deal to possess, but which I have allowed to harmlessly go their way. The wildfowler, sated *usque ad nauseam* with always shooting the same kind of birds—grouse, partridge, pheasant, etc.—which he must of course do his best to bag, and never intentionally spare, turns with a sigh of relief towards the stratagems required to circumvent the many and varied wildfowl to be found in and about these islands, though I have heard him condemned as a fool for his pains by those who would not, or could not, realise the charms that the sport affords. Still, tolerance is, or ought to be, the first law of sport. Men's minds are so differently constituted that few of us care exactly for the same thing, and well indeed is it that such is the case.

But to return to our mutton. About ten miles from the county town, as the crow flies, lies a pleasant plain, in summer intersected with dykes and growing rich crops of grass, etc. Over these ings, as they are called, in winter the river overflows



A KEEN SPORTSMAN STILL.

for miles. Thousands of acres are submerged, in some places to the depth of 14ft. or 15ft., and here it is that the ducks are. Here also lives Mr. Snowden Slights, the great wildfowler, who, with his father before him, has been a noted puntsman for years. They have acquired the sole right to work these waters, and now Mr. Slights, aged seventy-four, and his young grandson, Snowden Plaxton, carry on the business. His house is a perfect armoury of guns, punts, and other wildfowling paraphernalia. The big gun of all weighs about 8st., and measures 10ft. in length, firing 20z. of powder and 120z. of No. 1 shot. I am not writing of the latest invention by Holland or Purdey, but of a muzzle-loader built fifty years ago by Akrell of Beverley, and to-day still as sound as a bell, in spite of hard work and rough usage. A year or two ago Mr. Slights had several inches taken off the muzzle, and up to that time he used to charge with 180z. of shot, always using large greased pellets of tow as wads. The single-handed punts—no double ones are used—measure about 18ft. in length, with a false bottom, crutch, and block, as can be seen in the illustrations. They have attached to the bows a chain for pulling them over the banks, and a pair of screens,



THE PUNT FROM ABOVE.

likewise fastened one on each side of the bows, to hide the shooter. These are generally of basket-work and fold back, but in the pictures the white snow covers are on. The punts are low in the gunwale, and cannot be worked in rough and windy weather. The *modus operandi* is as follows: The wildfowler, having on board his cripple stopper and a good bunch of dried reed and grass at the bottom of the boat, lies down flat on his stomach and propels himself by means of two long thin poles called "creepers," about 15ft. in length, up to the ducks. The screens are out at right angles to the bows and hide him from the birds. He waits, if he can, till they bunch up together, then, when well within shot, lets go his "creepers" and fires into the middle, picks up his birds, paddles back for his "creepers" with a short paddle which he always carries on board for this purpose, and then makes for the nearest bank to reload. This sounds easy enough, but in practice it is far otherwise. Very often just as the punt, after much manœuvring, is brought nicely within shot of the birds, someone on land will fire a gun, occasionally, I am sorry to say, out of a sheer dog in the manger spirit. They can't get a shot, and they don't see why the wildfowler should. Or a sail appears on the river, and up all the birds get, and the same manœuvres have to be repeated. Small blame to a man if on occasions like these he makes use of language more forcible than polite. One's hands also, being continually wet from propelling the punt with the "creepers," are very apt to become quite numb. Ducks are much affected by weather, and before a storm are very uneasy and bad to approach. The best time to approach them is when there has been a keen frost and they are resting on the



THE BIG GUN.

ice. A duck, moreover, is one of the keenest-scented birds living, and winds any unusual scent from great distances. The best way to get near them is by working crossways slightly, and not to make directly for them. The biggest shot at duck that Mr. Sights ever made was forty duck, *i.e.*, mallard and wigeon, and his largest mixed shot was seventy-eight golden plover, three starlings, and a dunlin. Mr. Sights is a splendid type of his county—kind-hearted, resourceful, inured to all manner of hardships, an excellent shot, ever ready to give information and advice, and, though well over the allotted three score and ten, still has an eye like a hawk, and can pick out a bird on the water long before many younger eyes can do so. The flood-water comes right up to the bottom of his garden, and wild mallard often join his tame birds of the wild breed and remain with them. The past season has, owing to the mild open weather, been a very poor one, and, to use Mr. Sights' own words, the guns and punts have not "earned salt." The birds obtained on these inland waters are most excellent for the table, savoury and toothsome withal; even some of the strong sea ducks become quite passable when they have been there for any length of time, while the mallard, pintail, and teal are indeed meat for the gods. In the course of a long life Mr. Sights has obtained many rarities, some of which have passed into private hands and others into the county collection. OXLEY GRABHAM.



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.

WE often hear from readers of COUNTRY LIFE that the illustrations in our series "Gardens Old and New" are quite a revelation of unknown beauties to them; and while the Editor has a long list of such gardens which he has permission to photograph, he would appreciate suggestions for any others of which his correspondents have personal knowledge. It would be of assistance in making a selection if, in sending lists, rough photographs of the gardens from various points of view could be sent. Also the Editor particularly wishes to say that lavish expenditure is by no means necessary in the creation of gardens of the kind he loves to illustrate.

THE PYRUSES.

The world of trees and shrubs numbers many fair families, but few fairer than the *Pyrus*, which in one or other of its forms beautifies the garden at the present season. It is an extensive family, including the Apple, Pear, Medlar, and Mountain Ash, trees precious to every good gardener for their bountiful fruit harvest, picturesque growth, and burden of blossom in spring. The *Pyruses* recall the old-fashioned garden, as some are pleased to call the garden in which the Medlar, Quince, and the Apple played their beautiful part in adorning the pleasure grounds, for, be it remembered, these are trees that, if no luscious fruits were yielded, would deserve attention for their picturesqueness and pink-tinted flowers.

P. Aria is the native Beam tree, or perhaps more truthfully described as a large shrub, for it does not attain a height of many feet. Its growth, as all know who care for our native trees, is full of grace, and as the wind stirs the willowy shoots the silvery under-surface of the leaf glints with colour. It is worth planting freely, especially in poor chalky soils.

P. Aucuparia.—This is the Mountain Ash or Rowan, the tree that kisses the wild mountain stream, and makes a cloud of colour in autumn with its heavy fruit bunches. It is a common tree, not always happy, however, in gardens exposed to dust and wind, for under these conditions its leafage quickly loses freshness

and charm. In spring it is burdened with white flowers, but the Mountain Ash is richest in the autumn, when the scarlet berries are as yet untouched by birds. There are several forms, one in which the fruits are yellow, and another is of pendulous growth.

P. baccata.—The well-known Siberian Crab, as beautiful as any of its race, not merely in growth, but in flower and fruit too. There are several forms, such as *aurantiaca*, *edulis*, *lutea*, *microcarpa*, *præcox*, and *xanthocarpa*, some with yellow fruits, others crimson, like large cherries hanging upon the slender branches. This Crab should be planted upon the lawn outskirts, or grouped; anywhere, indeed, its pretty form and wonderful mass of blossom, followed by the brightly-coloured fruits, will prove effective. It is a sad mistake to crowd beautiful trees of this kind; they must have an open place, unfettered by neighbouring things.

P. coronaria reminds one of the common Crab-apple, and is welcome for the rosy colour and grateful perfume of its flowers; the fruit is small, and of a greenish colour when ripe.

P. germanica is the Medlar, which is valued chiefly for its fruit, but we should plant it for the sake of the spreading picturesque growth, ample foliage, and large white flowers. The Medlar is one of the most charming of all flowering trees.

P. japonica is a universal favourite. Some know it better under the name of *Cydonia japonica*, and few shrubs are pleasanter against a sunny wall, where during mild winters it will flower freely, masses of crimson in the midst of bareness. The twigs may be gathered for the house. A cluster of the crimson shoots in an old copper bowl is a quaint and unusual decoration; or they may be used in Japanese fashion, as illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE. Although so frequently seen against a wall, it may be grown as a shrub in the open, where it will attain a height of from 4 ft. to 5 ft., and flower freely, but later, naturally, than in the warmer place against a wall. Of the many forms, choose the deep crimson *Cardinalis*; the white and soft pink are scarcely sufficiently effective. *C. Maulei* is a quaint and charming shrub, dwarf, the slender shoots crowded with orange-red flowers, followed by large golden-yellow fruits, which make excellent preserve.

P. Smithi is known also as *Mespilus Smithi* and *M. grandiflora* and *Crataegus grandiflora*. It is a tree of medium size, but noticeable for the deep green of its leaves and snowy whiteness of the flowers. There is another important consideration also, for the flowers are borne early in the summer, when the flush of beauty from flowering trees and shrubs is over. One seldom sees this *Mespilus* in gardens, but it is worth planting for its picturesqueness. Few trees are so leafy and handsome.

P. spectabilis is a lovely Chinese tree, very free and upright in growth, the flowers semi-double, and from the bright red colour of the bud fading to a paler tint. This is as showy and beautiful as any of its race, and should be one of the first chosen.

P. floribunda, or *Malus floribunda*, is a delightful species, the buds crimson, but the expanded flowers are of softer tint. It is quite a shrub, every slender shoot wreathed in blossom, and for this reason a group is full of colour and charm, seldom failing each year to reveal this wonderful display of flowers. Plant it freely, and this is possible without introducing sameness into the garden. A fine kind also is *Malus Scheideckeri*.

P. Toringo is a Japanese tree bearing a wealth of small pink-coloured flowers. It is extremely graceful in growth.

P. vestita reminds one of the white Beam tree, but is larger and more vigorous.

The *Pyruses* are suitable for all ordinary soils, and may be propagated in various ways from seeds, or conveniently-placed branches may be layered, while from such kinds as *P. japonica* and *P. Maulei* it is possible sometimes to detach rooted suckers. In the case of the many forms that cannot be depended upon to come true from seed, they may be grafted in the spring or budded in July on their nearest ally. This beautiful group should be treasured in English gardens. The Apple we know is at all times interesting, and the attractiveness of this homely tree is possessed by the majority of the race.

ENGLISH AND SPANISH IRISES.

These fresh-coloured flowers are in some gardens in full beauty, in others less forward, as everything this year seems backward, through a period of cold winds and frosty nights. The Spanish Iris is one of the least expensive and troublesome of bulbous flowers, the flowers shooting up above the graceful grassy leafage and lasting some time unsullied. Many tints are seen in a well-chosen collection—white, blue, bronzy orange, orange, yellow, and others too numerous to define, all attractive in their way, and most welcome for table or vase decoration. We scatter the

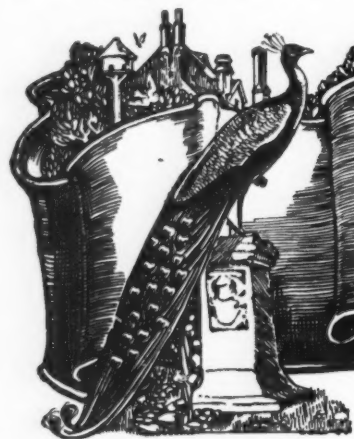


STEPS IN THE OLD PARK, AXMINSTER.

bulbs in the woodland, amongst groups of shrubs, by shrubby margins, everywhere they are likely to succeed. It is not everyone who would care sufficiently for them to plant in this reckless manner, but to get out of the stereotyped way of putting them only in the mixed border is important. The flowers are fresher and cooler in colour when softened by the nearness of shrub foliage. The English Irises are rather less easy to manage, but there is much beauty in the broad florets of the flowers, sometimes pure self in colour, or splashed and mottled with tints. As a rule a dryish, thoroughly well-drained, light soil suits these bulbous Irises best, especially the so-called English, which is not English but Pyrenean.

RHODODENDRON VASEYI.

It is the fate of some beautiful flowers to remain unnoticed, whilst a host of kinds infinitely less attractive are planted everywhere. *R. Vaseyi* has been strangely overlooked. It comes from the much-travelled North Carolina, and only within recent years have we seen it in English gardens. In the mountains of its native home the shrub forms imposing masses of growth, 15 ft. or more high, and hidden beneath the flowers in the late spring. It is a *Rhododendron* to plant in every collection, the flowers being individually about 1½ in. across, opening at first of a soft pink colour, and passing with age to pure white. Spots of reddish-brown are conspicuous on the upper segments. A single specimen is beautiful, but one gets the full measure of colour when a group is formed. It is not, of course, possible to plant things in colonies in every garden, but where it is the results are always gratifying.



THE QUIXOTISM OF THE WIDOW.

By LADY HELEN CRAVEN.

EVERYBODY said it was hard on the

Other Girl; but if the Widow heard everybody's remarks she did not believe or heed them. Everybody consists chiefly of other people's mammas, who are the sworn foes of young handsome widows, and who are not less unscrupulous in their method of warfare than the rest of us. But when the accepted dictum is "All's fair in love and war," what can you expect of other people's mammas, who have to combine both arts, trades, professions, or whatever you choose to call them? Nowadays the calling in life of a mamma is a very wearing one, and conduces to the development of unamiable qualities; there is so much competition. The Widow took these large and charitable views of mammas, and went on her way blindly and happily; she was not a bad sort of little widow, and if she had really believed that the Other Girl's happiness was at stake she would have acted differently. But it was not till the night of the Beaufortshire Hunt Ball that she believed it.

She was a very attractive specimen of the genus widow. She was not exactly pretty, not nearly so much so as the Other Girl, who was a beauty. But somehow, in the beneficent compensation for all things, beauties seem just as heavily handicapped as other people. It takes so much time and hard work to be a beauty (like other professions), that it leaves no chance for the cultivation of other attractions. The Widow was good-looking, and knew the art of dress "way through to the bottom side," as an American admirer expressed it. She had a bright, expressive face, the very antipodes of the Other Girl's regular, unchanging profile: she had a lithe, tall figure, which made up in spontaneous grace what it lost in dignity, whereas the Other Girl carried herself like a queen; and she had an endless store of small talk to draw upon, while the Other Girl's conversation was limited to monosyllables. She had been everywhere and knew everybody; she had the manners and customs of three continents at her finger-tips; she could read her world like a book. Briefly, she was eight-and-twenty, and not eighteen.

The teens were a much-vaunted span of life some hundred years ago, but they have recently lost much of their glamour. Nowadays we have ceased to admire blushes and downcast eyelids; maiden modesty is out of date, it is so insipid. Our grandfathers sighed at the feet of a bread-and-butter miss whom their descendants would not ask for so much as a "duty dance," so that, in her turn, she is left sighing and stationary before the chaperon's bench. The time produces the man and also the woman, and the end of the nineteenth century calls for the tailor-made girl and the smart woman of the world. It dismisses, not too cavalierly, the sweet young creature who drooped and fainted in tight stays, exclaiming: "Indeed, la! I have the vapours," and the coy puss who shook her ringlets at you and "vowed you were vastly amusing." "Sweet seventeen" had a

TULIPA RETROFLEXA.

A colony of this Tulip standing by itself in the border, or associated with some dwarf shrub, is a brave picture of colour in May. Its colour is wonderfully rich, and the segments reflex in a quaint way. During May, when the yellow Daffodils have for the most part vanished, the strong rich colour of this Tulip is prized. Unlike many of the Tulip species, *Retroflexa* seems thoroughly sturdy, appearing the second year with flowers as large and as fine in colour as those from new bulbs.

VARIEGATED CONIFERS.

We lately noticed a garden in which some years ago a number of high-priced variegated Conifers had been planted. At the present time they are scarcely fit for the rubbish heap, a poor, weakly, unhealthy collection which no amount of coaxing and tender care will bring into condition again. It is unfortunate for the garden that such shrubs as these are planted; they are naturally tender, and their variegation increases this bad quality in a climate such as ours, in which sometimes the hardest things are sorely tried. There is no reason for their presence. If the great family of flowering trees and shrubs were not available, then recourse must be had to the tender exotics from other places; but this is not so. The Pyruses alone afford sufficient variety in many places, without introducing spotted shrubs that the summer sun burns or winter cold destroys. Makers of gardens may, of course, plant what they like, but frequently these high-priced coloured shrubs are used without a knowledge of their peculiar characteristics.

fictitious value in the days when Smollett and Fielding wrote, and has now returned to its proper place in the economy of Nature—the background.

The Other Girl had just emerged from the schoolroom, with all the dreams of the *débutante* fresh upon her. Every girl who comes out in Society fancies she is going to be a brilliant success, see all her native county at her feet, and bring her first season to a triumphant close by marrying a Duke. In one of Lytton's novels, the hero is discouraged in his suit by someone remarking of his lady-love: "Lady Mary is only in her second year. It will take her at least three seasons to come down to a mere commoner." Lytton understood the *débutante*. She nourishes her infant-schoolroom mind on novels in which the heroine has only to come into the room for every male creature to throw himself at her feet; the heroine's ball-card, to which in these veracious histories she clings even in London, is always full before she has well got into the ballroom (I wonder what the heroine did when the Duke came on rather late from another ball?), the heroine receives a proposal of marriage nearly every night; and no budding blossom ever supposes for a moment that she can fill a secondary place. If she is an eldest or an only daughter, she has probably been brought up to fancy that all the world will look upon her with the eyes of her doting parents; if not, she is sure she will carry away the palm from all her sisters.

The Other Girl was an eldest daughter, and the object of a wonderful lot of admiration from her family. Her parents lived in a continual state of astonishment at their own cleverness in producing such a paragon; her younger sisters looked up to her from the other side of a gulf of years. They were wont to repeat all her sayings as if they were oracles, and they stood round to see her dressed in her first ball-gown as if the ceremony were one of the gravest importance and sacredness. Her mamma purred into her first ballroom (the Other Girl's, not the mamma's) with the air of one going forth conquering and to conquer. The Other Girl was not very amusing, but she came with a large party, and she danced every dance; her mamma sat among the chaperons and looked round on other people's daughters like Alexander sated with victory. So the career of the Other Girl began.

It happened that she originally arrived in an ungrateful world in the autumn, so that her *début* launched her into the midst of the hunt-ball season. In her part of the world three counties and three packs of hounds met, and joined hands to be gay and convivial all the winter; consequently she had a very lively season, with occasion to hunt three days a week and to dance at least twice a fortnight. It was great fun, but it did not thaw one who was accustomed to adulation at home; she enjoyed herself, but she did not unbend. Her partners admired her at first sight, but at first hearing their fervour slackened. "Oh, pretty enough!" they used to say; "but so confoundedly dull, you know."

Then, of course, the Eternal Masculine came on the scene. He first appeared at a meet of the Beaufortshire Hounds, and was seen to ride very straight over a very stiff country, in such a way as to earn him much admiration from those whom circumstances had put out of court as rivals. His merits were canvassed at dinner-parties, lunch-parties, tea-parties, and wherever the county people chanced to meet; so his reputation as one of the best rifle-shots in England, over and above his accomplishments in the pigskin, reached the Other Girl's ears. And then she met him.

He was enormously tall, and good-looking in a rough-hewn, lavishly-moulded style, which gave the impression that his Creator had not been sparing in the use of material. He had an excellent opinion of himself, which imparted to his manners an ease that was not polish, and he spoke of his own attainments with a naïve enjoyment of their superiority. This was a peculiarity which would have given great pleasure to a student of human nature, but which made the members of the Beaufortshire Hunt say that he was disgracefully conceited; to the Other Girl it seemed regal. He was not a Duke, but he held two keys to her heart—he was admirable to look at, and he was a good all-round sportsman.

Not long after, it became evident to her that there could be no further satisfaction in her life unless it included a constant view of him. No entertainment had any savour unless he were there; the best of balls fell flat, the best of runs was dust and ashes. Yet he did not often dance and ride with her (for he required a very intelligent audience) until the middle of the season, when he suddenly went to London for a few days, and returned another man. Apparently some crook must have occurred in his own affairs, though this was not observed by the Other Girl or her watching acquaintance; all they perceived was that a sudden intimacy had sprung up, and that the Other Girl would probably at an early date be a candidate for congratulations. The Other Girl was delighted, and her acquaintance looked on excitedly, while some of the more spiteful muttered that she was the eldest child of rich parents, and that the Eternal Masculine was notoriously impecunious.

It was quite at the end of the season that the Beaufortshire Hunt Ball took place. The Eternal Masculine was one of the party which temporarily sojourned under the roof of the Other Girl's papa, and as soon as he was fairly in the room he asked the daughter of the house for the current dance. As they circled over the rather badly-waxed floor, the observed of all observers, their conversation might have been shouted on the house-tops, it was so far from tender and secret.

"Cold night," he remarked.

"Yes, very cold," she replied.

"We shall have a frost," he prophesied.

"Oh, I hope not," she responded.

And then silence fell on them.

"Bad floor," he next ventured.

"Oh, I thought it was rather good," she rashly contradicted. And there was another hiatus in the conversation.

"Lots of people," he proceeded presently.

"Yes."

"Very decent band."

"Yes."

This telegraphic discourse and the music came to an end at the same time, and at that moment the house-party of the local Duke came into the ballroom. This was the event of the evening, as this annual gathering was always most exclusive, owing to the severe code of the Duchess, and it was therefore a perennial matter of interest and curiosity to the rest of the county to see whether her rules of conduct would relax with time. Almost the first of the party to appear in the ballroom was the Widow, and the Other Girl, seeing her partner start, looked hastily round. She saw nothing unusual, for she did not know the Widow by sight; but with a quick intuitiveness she recognised that something was wrong when the Widow, after standing for a moment to look round the room, came in their direction with a bright smile, and the Eternal Masculine went half the room's length to meet her. Regardless of everything, his partner followed him, but only caught the Widow's words as the music struck up and she turned to her host: "The one after the next, then."

"I will take you back to your mother," said the Eternal Masculine.

Then the Other Girl made up her mind to say a rash and desperate thing.

"I am not engaged for this," she exclaimed.

"Really?" he said, and his tone was abstracted and indifferent.

The Other Girl stood in front of her mamma, and her heart felt like a lump of ice within her. No partner came to claim her for two dances, and during the next valse she saw her supplanter skim past her; she had no feeling for the poetry of motion, and admired the Widow's supple grace and the rhythmic sway of her sheeny skirt as little as she would a harpy. Round the room she watched her, serpentine and lithe, coiling in and out of the

other couples; then, as the two on whom her whole soul was fixed swung past her for the second time, she caught the lightning glance of the Widow's bright eyes, and distinctly heard her ask of her partner: "Is that Miss Keith?"

"Oh, she knows who I am, does she?" muttered the girl, indignantly, and returned the Widow's glance with the stony stare of the embryo British matron. Fortunately she heard no more of the conversation.

"You looked pleased to see me a moment ago. Were you?" asked the Eternal Masculine.

"I was, indeed. Imagine the dreariness of coming down to a part of the country I don't know, with the positive certainty that the party would bore me to death, and that I shouldn't see a soul at this ball I had ever seen before."

"Why did you come, then?" he demanded.

"To please myself. Don't I always please myself?"

"Was it because you knew I would be here?" he enquired, bluntly.

"You really must not pursue your thirst for knowledge," said the Widow, laughing; "I have come. Isn't that enough?"

"Quite enough," he said, tenderly. "I think you are sorry for having been so unkind to me in London."

"Not at all," said the Widow, airily, "when I see how excellently you have recovered from the blow."

"I? I shall never get over it as long as I live."

"Oh, I've heard very different stories," she laughed.

"All lies," he answered, earnestly. "Hermione, I swear they're all lies."

Her reply was ambiguous, and thereupon he lost interest in the valse; he began to dance indifferently, as his attention strayed from the music to his desire to withdraw to a less public spot, where he might assure the Widow of the incorrectness of her information. On her side, she perceived that he was no longer dancing in strict time, and as she was not anxious to be trodden on, or hurled up against some simultaneous performers, she agreed to sit the rest of the valse out. There was a bow-window, lined with seats of Turkey twill, and commanded by a hunting trophy of whips and foxes' brushes, and here what was practically the event of the evening took place.

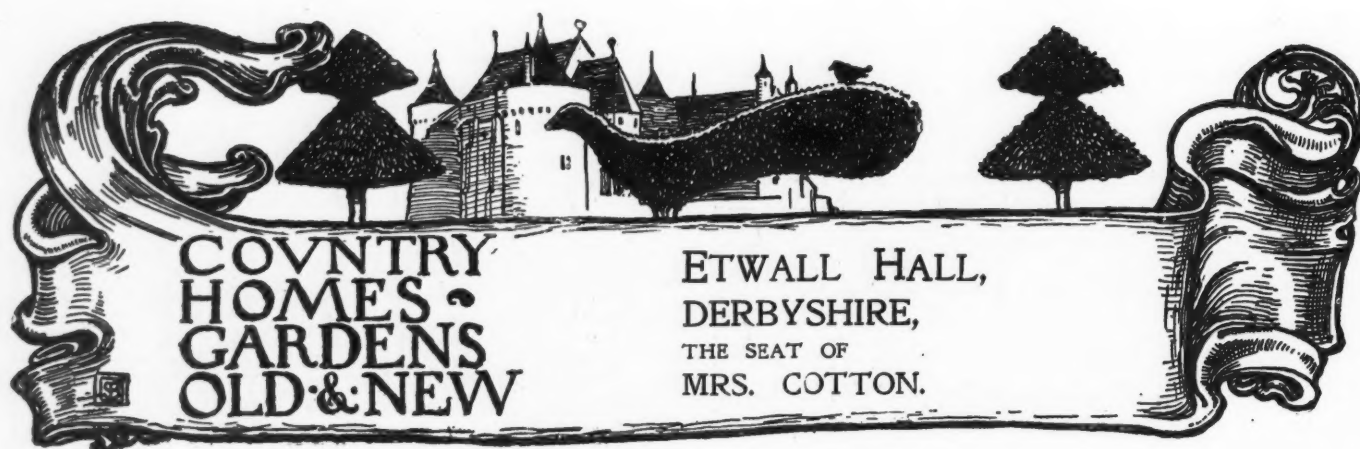
The Eternal Masculine was in full tide of his explanations; the Widow was listening, with a slowly waving fan. She had heard similar things very often before, and was prepared to hear them very often again. She had no particular use for the Eternal Masculine, and no intentions, honourable or the reverse, with regard to him; but meanwhile he was her property, and could not be allowed to stray to fresh fields and pastures, other girls, and such abominations. This may not sound praiseworthy, but it is human nature all over.

When the Eternal Masculine reached the most important part of his discourse, an irresistible impulse seized the Widow to turn and look out of the window. She pushed back the blind behind her with a sudden impetuous gesture—and there, pressed almost against the glass, she saw the face of the Other Girl, dead white, and with the eyes expanded by tears. With a start, the unconscious marauder turned back, and at the same moment caught sight of the Other Girl standing alone in a doorway on the opposite side of the room.

Now the Widow was neither superstitious nor imaginative, and when, some time afterwards, she solemnly assured me that this was the truth of the case, I believed her. But I can make no attempt to explain the hallucination. At all events, it decided her on an instant course of action; the Eternal Masculine must be returned, and that without delay, to her who seemed obviously his lawful proprietor by all the rights of war. The Widow rose to her feet, and said she was engaged for the next dance, cutting his explanations off short with no regard to the stage they had reached. On her way across the ballroom she made short work of whatever hopes or aspirations he might have remaining. He answered never a word, and she expected to see him return ostentatiously to his allegiance to the Other Girl; she herself turned with a simulated *empressment* to the neglected members of her own party.

Dance succeeded dance, and still the Other Girl stood in the doorway, glumly miserable, refusing partners and longing for day. The Widow grew uneasy, and went purposely to the supper-room on a tour of inspection; in a corridor she learnt casually that the Eternal Masculine had left the assembly-rooms immediately after her dance. Then the Widow made a remarkable discovery, and this was that there was no further satisfaction in that particular ball, and that her sole purpose in coming to it at all was to see the man she had repulsed. The Other Girl was not the only person who cried herself to sleep that night.

Now mark the crooked ways of Fate, and the uselessness of hallucinations. Here was a meritorious action which benefited nobody. The Eternal Masculine has gone round the world by an obscure route of his own devising. The Other Girl is still Miss Keith, and continues to look upon the Widow as her bitterest enemy. And the Widow can find no expressions sufficiently scornful to convey her opinion of those weak enough in intellect to believe in visions.



ETWALL is one of those sequestered villages of Derbyshire left high and dry by the tide of progress, but with its ancient church, its hospital for the aged, its hall, and its rustic cottages and neighbouring farms. Like many other village churches in Derbyshire, that of St. Helen at Etwall has important Norman features within, and is interesting, though churchwardens beautified it long ago. It possesses the monuments and memorial brasses of those who once dwelt in the hall and founded the hospital. Before the suppression of the monasteries, it belonged to the Priory of Beauvale in Nottinghamshire, but in Henry's reign Etwall came, either by Royal grant, or by his marriage with the daughter of John Fitzherbert, to Sir John Porte, Justice of the King's Bench, an important man of the law, much in the Royal favour, who was concerned—we cannot remember it with pleasure—in the condemnation of that great Englishman, Sir Thomas More. Porte's second wife was Margaret Trafford, of the great Lancashire family, and, when he died, he desired to be buried beneath the arch in Etwall Church, "where I and my wyff had used commonly to knele." There, between the Porte chapel at the east end of the north aisle and the chancel, the altar tomb to their memory still

remains, and there are brasses to other members of the Porte family also in the church. The Justice's son, another Sir John Porte, was the founder both of Repton school and of the hospital or almshouses at Etwall. These almshouses were built originally in 1557, and stand near the church, but the present interesting structure, with a quaint picturesqueness in its grouping of seventeen small houses along three sides of an open square, dates from 1681.

What manner of house the Portes dwelt in we may imagine, but do not know. A quaint letter has been preserved, describing how the devil, in the shape of a furious hurricane, visited it in 1545. He began his course in Needwood, eleven miles from Derby, and, coming to Mr. Porte's house at Etwall, pulled up two great elms by the root, and, hurrying off to the church, stripped off the lead and threw it upon a neighbouring elm, where it "hangyd upon the bowys like streamers." A new mansion appears to have been erected in Elizabeth's time, when Etwall had come to Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn, ancestor of the present Lord Gerard, who married one of the Porte co-heiresses. Our illustration shows how the Elizabethan house has been transformed and refronted. It stands amid its fine trees, and quaintly-cut yew





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ETWALL HALL: A VISTA IN THE OLD GARDEN.

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hedges, preserved from olden days, with a subtle classic charm, its many windows and balustrades, its low terrace, and forecourt, with the sundial and enclosing grille of iron, being full of quiet beauty.

To such places romance seems to belong, but there is nothing in the external aspect of Etwall Hall to bespeak the sad events of its early history. An ingeniously contrived "priest's hole," with secret communication with the cellar and

roof, has somewhat lately been brought to light within the walls of the house. Sir Thomas Gerard had need of such a place. Like Sir Thomas Fitzherbert of Padley, Sir Nicholas Longford, and other Derbyshire gentlemen, he held to his faith, and suffered terribly as a recusant in Elizabeth's reign, being many years immured in the Tower, from which he escaped only at the cost of impoverishment and the mortgaging of his estate. Dr. Cox, in his "Churches of Derbyshire," has preserved a curious and amusing story of the Gerards of Etwall. The



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THE YEW ARCHWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

brother of Sir Thomas, who was more staunch even than himself, was paying a visit to the Hall, and, being taken ill, had to prolong his stay over a Sunday. The knight was resolved, seeing that informers were about—perhaps he had in mind an unparalleled villain named Topcliff, who had wrought the ruin of the Fitzherberts—that his brother should at least outwardly conform, and, despite his protests, had him carried in a chair into the family pew in Etwall

Church. But the gouty brother was equal to the occasion. No sooner did the service start than he began to chant the Latin psalms in a loud voice from the Vulgate. He was well into the third of them when the minister begged that he should be removed. It was a triumph for the brother, but the episode was raised in the indictment of the knight. Sir Thomas Gerard had a son who was a Jesuit. He, too, was cast into the Tower, and tortured by being hung up by the wrists, while vinegar was poured down his throat. His agony procured



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THE OLD GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

him respite, and, perhaps through collusion, he escaped by a rope over the ditch, and fled abroad disguised as a servant, in the train of the Spanish Ambassador. His autobiography, published in 1886, tells his extraordinary story.

The last of the Gerards to possess Etwall was Sir Thomas's grandson, who sold the estate in 1641 to Sir Edward Moseley. The Baronet retained it only five years, and then disposed of it to Sir Samuel Sleigh, a gentleman who was thrice married, and we have Dr. Cox's authority for saying that his third wife was buried exactly a century after the death of his first. It was from Sir Samuel Sleigh that Etwall passed to the Cottons, who still possess the beautiful and interesting old place, and in

whose hands it has assumed the aspect it bears. To speak of the gardens of Etwall at any length is unnecessary, since our illustrations depict their character. Their charm is that of the old-world pleasure. That well-kept, curiously-shaped yew hedge is quaintness itself. How happily are standard roses enhanced in effect by the presence of such a background. Then the archway of yew is another fine and distinctive feature, and there is charm always in the presence of an old mulberry tree. In such a garden the vistas are beautiful, and against the dark yew hedges every flower, be it lily or rose, and every bright-leaved bush or tree, becomes like a jewel in that beautiful setting of green.

CHRONICLES OF A ROOKERY.—III.

HATCHED on the 5th of April, the first nestful of rooklings began to lose their baby voices about the 20th, and a week later one of them ventured to stand on top of its brothers and sisters and take a bird's-eye view of its surroundings. If little rooks can be surprised by anything, it must surely be by that very astonishing first look round—to find themselves up so high and everything else (except the bud-beaded twigs which they had seen perpetually waving or wagging overhead) down so low. But our callow observer has little time for wonderment, for all of a sudden, coming up from nowhere, and growing into sight out of nothing, its mother appears, making straight for home, and as soon as it recognises her it cries out wildly, and drops precipitately into the nest to receive the food which it knows she is bringing.

It is the most forward bird in the nest that gets fed first, and no arrangement could be fairer, because each bird is in turn the most forward, and each, having been fed, becomes in turn the most apathetic. It has been so arranged by Nature that as soon as a nestling has had enough it shall refuse more, and consequently the mother has never got to trouble herself as to the sequence of feeding. She knows that it is only the open mouths that have to be filled, and at last, coming to the nest with food, she finds all closed, and knows that for a few minutes at any rate the nursery is satisfied, and that she is at liberty to attend to herself. Taking one year with another, the rook probably finds feeding-time more laborious than any other bird. The daily travelling of the parents must often be not less than 100 miles. No bird, for its size, carries so little at a time as the rook, and the result is that when the last chick is satisfied, the first is ready to start again.

When the young are about three weeks old and begin to scramble on to the edge of the nest, which, by the way, is soon flattened down into a parapet, the suspiciousness and anxiety of the elders is intensified. The males give the alarm for reasons and on occasions that did not disturb them when they had only eggs or helpless young, and in a tone of voice, too, that is perfectly distinct from any other previous utterance. The hen birds are off their nests and circling in the air on the instant, emitting harsh cries.

In both cases these are special notes of warning to the young, telling them to get into their nests, hold their tongues, and lie flat down. Every bird has, at this time, a particular note. The missel-thrush grunts, the thrush clicks, the blackbird coughs, the hedge-sparrow squeaks; but whatever they say, it is in a most perceptible "aside." With the rooks there is no "aside" at all: they shout out their warnings excitedly. A dead silence falls at once upon the chuckling rookery; the young birds tuck in their heads and lie flat. Parents returning from the field with food, take in the situation at once, and, lest they should tempt their nestlings into exclamation, join the flock in mid-air, with the food still in their throats, waiting till the danger has passed.

Day by day the young wings strengthen, and in such a year as this, a red-letter year indeed for rooks, the nestful hatched on April 5th were all agog on May Day. One celebrated the day by tumbling off its nest in the Scotch fir—what a fall for so young and tender a creature!—and calmly parading, as if falling 70ft. were nothing to it, on the lawn. When I went to

investigate the small black visitor it walked pompously into the shrubbery, and immediately squatted down flat, shut its eyes, and "foxed." I put a fir cone on its back, but, no, it was a very dead young rook indeed. And all this time the old birds were wheeling overhead, screaming out "Lay low, lay low." And little Brer Rook "he lay low and kept on saying nuffin'." So I picked it up. What a change! The huge cornelian mouth, big enough to swallow the rest of its body almost, gaped open, and it yelled "blue murder"—whatever that may be—at



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A POPULOUS SETTLEMENT.

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the top of its voice. I put it on a branch. It gripped like a parrot, but could not balance itself, and hung head downwards. With great trouble I detached it from the branch, pushing a smaller stick into its claws, and then the poor terrified creature clung to this so tightly that it could not stand on its knuckled feet, and I laid it on its side on the roof of a summer-house to recover.

As far as could be seen, no parent came down to feed it, and in the morning the bird was on the ground again, with one poor wing outstretched as if injured. As soon as it saw that we had once more found it, it opened its mouth wide, and so obviously asked for food that a parrot-cage was brought, the little creature put into it, and the old birds given a last chance of feeding their offspring by leaving the cage with its beseeching prisoner exposed in full view of the rookery. But the broken wing was the rookling's death-warrant. Nobody came near it. So the bird was brought into a greenhouse and fed on warm crissel and mashed dog-biscuits, and did well for three days. But the rook is an extremely difficult bird to rear, and on the fourth morning was found dead.

On May 10th we saw three youngsters learning to balance themselves on the middle branches of a tree, while one of the parents, sitting above, was encouraging them with its voice. The other now came back with some food and perched several branches away. The young ones clamoured for the food, but the provider sat where it had perched, occasionally

saying, "Come and fetch it." And at last they did. One by one they scrambled and flopped their way towards the old bird, who, having given the first one that reached it a morsel, hopped on to another branch. In this way it beguiled the young ones after it long after its supply of food was exhausted, and until it was relieved by its mate, who had meanwhile gone afield for more "bait." The same performances were again gone through, and in this way the old pair day by day kept their brood all together, and at the same time gave them plenty of exercise.

Later in the week, by which time the family had got out of the precincts of the rookery and into the orchard, the young ones were moving about with greatly-increased confidence. The sagacity of the parents in never tempting them too high, and thus risking broken legs when the beginners took their first flight, struck me as admirable, while the modulations of voice with which they addressed them were very interesting. If rooks did not belong to a family noted for their flexible voices, this would be extraordinary; but as they do, it is not really wonderful that, like the swan in "Hiawatha," they should "speak as man speaks." In the general clamour of a rookery it is of course almost impossible to follow a single family through the day's routine, and distinguish, except in single utterances, what any given couple are doing. But here we had a family all by itself away from the rest, and as the old ones knew that the young ones were at our mercy, they made the best of the situation and took us into their confidence. So while we chose to

listen, we heard everything that was said, and it was really very amusing to hear them not "cawing" but talking. The elders were patient and persuasive, the children argumentative and ill-mannered.

At nightfall they had all collected on the top of a very tall old pear tree, and from there could overlook the ten-acre meadow which lies between the rookery and the farmers' fields—the Wide Wide World beyond. One morning I got up earlier than usual, expecting to see the family go. But they were already gone; and, looking through my glasses, I saw them, all six together, in the middle of an eighty-acre field, the young ones no doubt learning from the old their first lessons as to the desperate wickedness of men in leggings, or carrying things of any length, and the evasive and deceitful habits of wire-worms and grubs. Every evening since, the young ones have come home to roost in the rookery, "for all the world like grown-ups," and every morning they sally forth to the fields to be taught how to live, and to take their chances, poor birds, of being shot by the prowling scoundrel with a gun whom the farmer calls his "keeper."

Here, then, fitly close these "Chronicles of a Rookery." The first nests were formally taken over during the last week of February, the first hen was sitting in the second week of March, the first brood was hatched on (or before) April 14th, and the first birds of the year took their departure just a month later.

PHIL ROBINSON.

DERBY SIDE-SCENES.

TO students of human character, alike with regular and irregular race-goers, the greatest event of the year in the Turf world affords an opportunity for enjoyment such as is probably not to be obtained elsewhere in England. Gathered from near and far, and at close quarters, men and women from every rank of society are to be found composing a crowd the like of which cannot be surpassed the world over. It is the one London holiday in which everyone has a definite object, as well as the chief event of the year in the world of sport. From the time that the wandering gipsies, with their movable homes, take up their positions on the Downs until the close of the First Summer Meeting, the whole scene—quite apart from the prime purpose for which people visit Epsom—is a kaleidoscope of interest. It is amusing to remember that in order to make the programme of the day's sport more attractive the promoters of the first Derby provided a cock-fight between the gentlemen of Surrey and Middlesex



Photo.

SECURING THE PENCE.

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and the gentlemen of Wiltshire. To-day, even if the race for the Blue Riband of the Turf were not in itself powerful enough a magnet to draw countless multitudes to Epsom, there are sufficiently numerous "side-scenes" to attract thousands to the little Surrey town.

Reference has been made to the first Derby, and this brings a reminder of the different methods by which people now travel from town and village to Epsom as compared with those of, say, 100 years ago. Then there were no trains, no cycles, and—no motor-cars. But everything is not altogether changed, for, although England's Prince and Britain's aristocracy mostly go to-day by train from Victoria or Waterloo, there are many less-favoured individuals whose day's outing would be incomplete if it were not taken behind a piece of horseflesh after the fashion of their forefathers. Indeed, it might almost be thought from the appearance of some of the conveyances that the days of



Photo.

CLIMBING THE HILL.

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stage-coaches and knights of the road were still existent, so old-fashioned are they. And what a happy-go-lucky character has the journey by road to Epsom. Gaily-bedecked costermonger's barrow, hired hansom, heavily-laden brake, livery stable carriage, four-in-hand, bone-shaker bicycle and pneumatic safety, with many another conveyance, jostle one against the other and cause the dust to fly in great clouds, to the apparent annoyance of few, if to the discomfort of all.

For this varied and cosmopolitan mixture both amusement and refreshment must be provided. Hence the peripatetic dealers, the vendors of "ladies' tormentors," the ne'er-do-wells, and ragged urchins who line the way offering their wares or services and turning catherine-wheels to earn an honest—or for that matter, if needs must, dishonest—penny. Who shall begrudge the money thus obtained? To those who buy or give there is the knowledge that not only is value in amusement obtained for the coin distributed, but also that possibly some poor shiftless creature is made happy for at least one day in the year.

Look at the first illustration, and you will see that the weaker sex strive to oust their brothers and secure some of the pence the boys so easily wheedle from the passers-by. More often than not these little ladies will throw appearances to the winds, and smartly turn catherine-wheels in a manner their urchin-brothers cannot approach. What a merry party the picture shows, and yet only typical of hundreds of others. The next illustration portrays a more pretentious vehicle climbing the hill at Epsom, and tells a different tale from its predecessor. Beauty, wit, and grace adorn the coach, and show that although the Derby is the "people's race," it can, and does, command the



Photo.

"I SAY BOOTBRUSH."

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If the road to Epsom has provided queer sights, what shall be said of the assemblage on the Downs themselves, where representatives of all the varied strata of society, from the highest to the lowest, are gathered? The complex nature of the crowd and its varied elements are bewildering. Turn which way you will, there is something to arrest the attention. Listen for a moment to that voluble tipster whose holding-forth has attracted an open-mouthed audience. His oratorical gifts are of no mean order, and his assurance is probably only equalled by the comicality of his appearance. At the moment his portrait, unbeknown to himself, was taken, this particular gentleman was assuring his listeners of his own infallibility. "Gentlemen, the papers say Shoeblack will win; I say Bootbrush is the better horse." The mantle of prophecy sits no worse on him, however, than it does on many another blind leader of the blind whose education and position are of a far higher order. Certain is it that the claims of race-course tipsters are excelled by the pretensions—and mistakes—of some Turf writers who prophesy in the public Press. It has been rightly said that "what a backer of horses stands in need of, but what he is never likely to get, is a person who on looking over a lot of horses will point out one which, all being fair and square, should win the race." If, therefore, few Press tipsters are really qualified critics, one can only smile at the assurance and ignorance of their humbler brethren. The gullible public is equally ready to swallow nearly everything that is told by tipsters of both classes, and the fraternity find it remunerative work.

Turning from the race-course tipster, it may be said that he is not the only man with a reputation to uphold. His first cousin, the ready-money bookmaker, claims attention, and his advertisements cause the uninitiated to stare in wonderment upon the exhibited signs. What do they mean? What is the

explanation? It is evident that he looks upon all as friends, as it were. Do not stand upon ceremony, he seems to say; call me Jack or Charlie as the case may be, but—and this, from the standpoint of the gentleman in the white hat, is the all-important consideration—give me your commissions. Probably he imagines the display of his name gives the hall-mark of reliability. Possibly it does create a certain amount of confidence in some, but the fear of the eely and



Photo.

BOOKMAKERS.

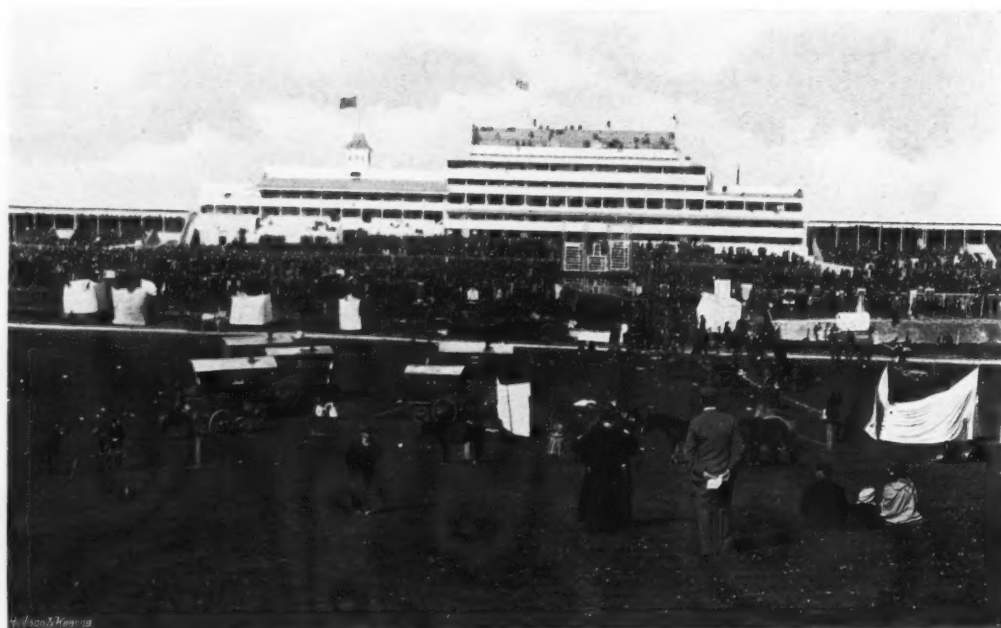
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presence of the highest as well as the lowest on the social ladder. Does it not also call up visions of ante-railway days, when to travel behind four blood horses was the acme of speedy travelling? The journey to Epsom on Derby Day, in company with curious and discordant companions in other and humbler conveyances, is, however, in direct contrast to one's idea of the quiet pleasure of a coach-drive at other times through the peaceful lanes of rural Surrey.

much-hated welsher keeps away many wary ones even from the genuine outside book-maker. The welsher is a slippery customer, but woe-betide him should he fall into the clutches of those whose money has been entrusted to his care. For many a long day will he remember the rough and un pitying treatment he will receive at their hands. The better-class bookmakers call for respect, but there are others whose character-canvas is very much shaded with peculiar—not to say dishonest—transactions.

The "business" element on the Downs is by no means confined to those whose prime concern is in the horses. There are stalls at which anything from ginger-beer to bulls'-eyes can be obtained. There is the man with his movable can who wants to sell you a glass of "sherbert and water, ha'penny a glass; fine lemon and sherbert." There are numerous trestled stalls at which "prime trotters, penny apiece" are offered to tempt the appetite of the hungry and epicurean coster. There is the musically-inclined concertina player whose tunes scrape the very inside of one's head. There is more than one place where the Cockney can "roll, bowl, or pitch" at the cocoanuts to his heart's content, while he fills the capacious pockets of the gaily-shawled and ear-ringed lady, whose helpmates dance attendance upon the portly dame and her customers. She is related to the lady who will bring the best of luck to you if her hand is crossed by a piece of silver. She will tell you anything you may wish to know, from the name of the winner to that of your lady-love—if you but make it worth her while.

From the rougher element on Epsom Downs on the eventful Wednesday, one's steps turn naturally to the stands and enclosures on the course itself, where the afore-named beauty, wit, and grace are gathered in full force. From the Royal party downwards every rank of Society is represented. True is it that the Goddess of Fashion, in her fantastic attire, does not show herself as she does at Goodwood and Ascot, but she does condescend to grace the meeting with her presence. But, as the Derby is the people's race, and Derby Day the people's holiday, dense moving masses of middle and lower class folk flock round the course. Everyone is in fine feather, and all receive the remarks that are freely made with the best of grace.



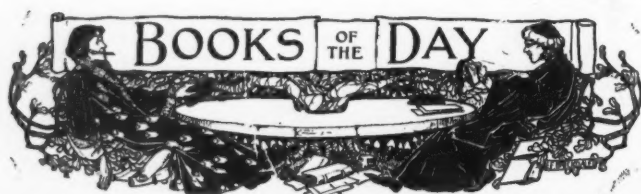
W. A. Rouch.

A VIEW FROM THE HILL.

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Even the stern custodians of the law who keep the course take with good humour the chaff that is mercilessly bestowed upon them. Little wonder is it that the Hindoos who visited Epsom some forty years back thought the Wednesday of the Summer Meeting a feast-day to the great god "Dah-bee." The enormous gathering is certainly a spectacle to strike the foreigner with wonderment. One would like to see an account of the impressions our premier classic race has made, say, upon a negro or a Parsee. It would form interesting reading without doubt.

As is well known, the date of the Derby changes from year to year; but even this fact does not account for the strange circumstance that the race was run in a snow-storm on at least one occasion, while in other years the tropical heat of the day has brought sunstroke in its wake. Change of dates notwithstanding, every true Englishman desires that the great struggle for the Blue Riband of the Turf will be one of the sights of the year as long as the British Empire lasts. This love for keen contests is one of the greatest traits in the character of the nation, and should be fostered and encouraged. It is the love of going one better than his neighbour that has made the Englishman what he is. Whether in play or work, to be first is the great ambition of every true-spirited Britisher, and one can only hope that as the years roll by the English people's desire to excel may always go hand-in-hand with their enterprise.



WHEN a man's friends persist in calling him by a Christian name that is not his own, he invariably happens to be one of the best of fellows.

Thus was it with Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, K.C.S.I., C.B., whose life has been written by Sir Peter Lumsden and Mr. George R. Elsmie, under the title of "Lumsden of the Guides" (Murray). To his intimates he was always "Joe," though, as is generally the case, there seems to have been no particular reason for the affectionate abbreviation. Lumsden was simply one of those adorable characters in which a gentleness of disposition coincides with courage and brains. Both during his childhood and in after life, animals would come up to him without showing the smallest sign of fear. His influence over the natives of India was extraordinary; nor does his intuitive sense of justice altogether account for it. Other commanders have held by the creed that the Sepoy is a fellow-human; yet they have merely gained respect, instead of the love that his Sikhs unstintingly paid to Lumsden. In addition to his personal charm, Lumsden was undoubtedly a man of intellect. "One of the best frontier soldiers I have ever known," is Lord Roberts's estimate, and Sir Henry Norman's "one of our most distinguished soldiers, as well as an excellent political." And yet, somehow, he never rose to the military honours that were, by common consent, his due. The luck ran against him; he saw much service, but not of the kind that wins immediate recognition, and when the Mutiny raised its head, he was employed in keeping Afghanistan from siding with insurgent Mohammedanism. Lumsden belonged, in fact, to that Imperial reserve which never quite reaches the absolute front, but which is always there, if wanted at a pinch. And though he himself missed the Mutiny, his biography is made supremely interesting by the letters of one of the greatest of its suppressors, Sir Herbert Edwardes. Their optimism must strike even the most unreflective of readers, but it is the cheeriness of a strong man, who has measured the danger, not the frivolity of some callow subaltern. Lumsden himself was, meanwhile,

fretting at Candahar, though the Guides were covering themselves with renown before Delhi. They were his Guides, and raised, besides, in circumstances that prove Lumsden to have been a worthy predecessor to the late Sir Robert Sandeman. He invited, for example, a notorious freebooter, one Dilawur Khan, to join the corps. The fellow laughed in Lumsden's face; yet, within two months, he was learning his drill, and after a distinguished service he died, true to his salt, in distant Chitral. The Guides have, as Lumsden's biographers show, been considerably modified as a force, since he first recruited and led them. They were to have been "the right hand of the army and the left of the political"; a combination of the irregular and the detective element, as it were. They fulfilled these two functions admirably when, in the days before the Mutiny, they discovered Kan Singh's conspiracy at Lahore, and broke through an enemy outnumbering them by ten to one at Multan. They have ceased to be so highly specialised, and in his last years, Lumsden was inclined to deplore the change that had come over them. It is for military critics to decide how far the Indian Government were justified in bringing the Guides within the common system. Certain it is that they have done glorious deeds since they have ceased to be a pure intelligence force; and, whether Lumsden was right or wrong in wishing them to remain Indian Cossacks, his own record is too steadily meritorious to render the point of much moment.

Mrs. Aubrey Richardson, in her "Famous Ladies of the English Court" (Hutchinson), deals with a less solid *genre* of biography than the career of Sir Harry Lumsden, whom his friends called Joe. Her preface, indeed, sets forth an intention of exposing the baseness of man, the servitude of woman, and much besides, but she only lapses occasionally into moralising throughout a series of vivacious sketches. Mrs. Richardson, besides, is no contemptible historian of the lighter sort; she seems to have gone to original sources, and she keeps a steady hold upon some complicated politics, notably those of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. The ins and outs of that unscrupulous time are admirably illustrated in her appreciation of Anne, the Countess of that inveterate intriguer Sunderland. It is a long gallery through which Mrs. Richardson conducts her readers, always intelligently, sometimes with genuine inspiration. First comes the redoubtable "Bess of Hardwick," and so past that charming creature, the Lady Mary Sidney, who "chose rather," as Sir Fulke Greville wrote of her, "to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time than to come upon the stage of the world in any manner of disparagement," to that frail beauty, La Belle Stuart,

who was troubled with no such scruples, though Mrs. Richardson clears her of some unmerited scandal. We have already mentioned the study of Anne, Countess of Sunderland, as on the whole the author's masterpiece; but another artistic piece of work is the account of Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, that pleasantly staid lady, whose reputation George II. did his vulgar little best to compromise, but whom all the men of letters adored. "An equal mixture of good-humour and sensible, soft melancholy," sang Pope. Her's was, indeed, a most amiable personality, and, for the rest, there is virtue in Mrs. Richardson's argument that she regarded herself as a servitor, bound to obey the Court in all things. The careers of Lady Sarah Lennox, the early love of George III. and the mother of the heroic Napier, and of Isabella, Marchioness of Hertford, are not treated by Mrs. Richardson with quite so sure a touch as the Elizabethans and Carolines. Her last sketch must, indeed, be pronounced a featureless rendering of a decidedly promising subject. Still, this book, with its wealth of illustrations, is decidedly one of the best of its kind that the season has produced. It may not fulfil the severe requirements of "The Dictionary of National Biography," but then the "Dictionary" is for the student's bookcase, not for the circulating library.

Some years have passed since "Iota" shocked some of us and interested others, despite her exuberances, by "A Yellow Aster." She now writes under her own name, Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, and with a chastened style that is all to the good. "Anne Mauleverer" (Methuen), her latest novel, reads very much as if it was founded on fact, particularly in the powerful scene with which it opens, the death of a painter from the abuse of opium. Transcripts of life, unfortunately, do not always make a coherent story, and thus is it with the adventures of Mrs. Caffyn's heroine. Her readers will feel inclined to complain that just as they are becoming really interested in her characters they

disappear or become persons of no importance. The abrupt migration of Anne from Italy to London and thence to Ireland increases the sense of inconsequence in the narrative. She is charged, by the way, with a commission to buy horses for the King of the first country, though whether he purports to be Victor Emmanuel or his present Majesty one nowhere discovers for certain. If the latter, he is certainly treated with some want of ceremony; if not, why is he made contemporaneous with agrarian troubles that read uncommonly like reminiscences of the Land League? But these incongruities, if incongruities they are, do not really matter. Anne Mauleverer belongs to that not uncommon type of girl—the I-wonder-why-she-never-gets-married, and Mrs. Caffyn displays much insight in explaining wherefore, in spite of her many excellences, she does not.

Miss Rhoda Broughton resembles Mrs. Caffyn in opening "The Game and the Candle" (Macmillan) with a death-bed scene. "They lived happily ever afterwards" has become an obsolete formula indeed! The situation is tragic—that of a man who reveals to his wife his knowledge that she loves another, and who endeavours to make her promise that she will never marry that other. Miss Broughton's practised hand deals very cleverly with the widow's struggle between duty and inclination, and, during her months of mourning, between the insincerity of outward grief, and the joy that the other is with her once more. For he reappears, in the customary course of fiction, from California, and almost equally, of course, he is found out to be a disappointment, or, as a faithful cousin with a subdued passion calls him, a "bounder." That cousin, by the by, comes dangerously near to another uncomplimentary title, that of bore, but then the man with a silent sorrow is rather given that way. Otherwise Miss Broughton writes as brightly and aptly as ever; while in the art of story-building she can give most of her younger sisters a good many points and a beating.

THE SALMON'S LEAP.

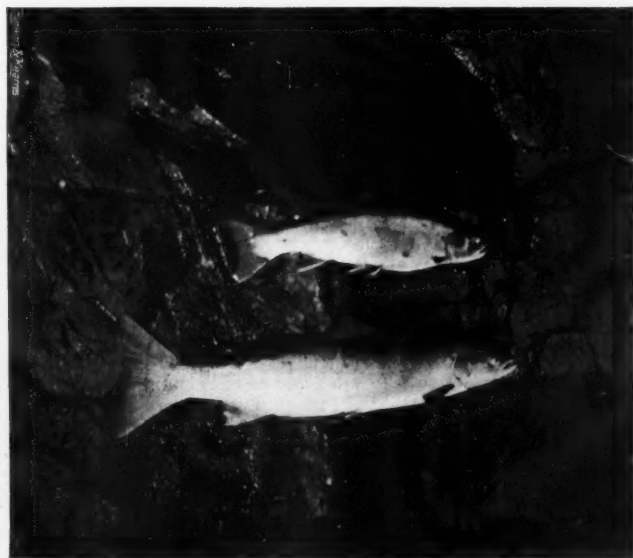
WHEN "obstructions" were under no legal control on salmon rivers, no subject was more often disputed than the distance to which salmon could leap. Owners of weirs credited them with most impossible acrobatic feats, while salmon preservers under-rated their powers in order to compel the obstructions to be removed. Frank Buckland, after actually swimming about in the water himself, found out to some extent what was probably the most congenial form of "fish pass" or salmon ladder. But the actual height to which salmon would jump was not determined, nor was it well understood in what way the fish made its leap. The old idea was that the salmon put his tail in his mouth, then "let fly," and so went off like a spring; and some old prints show salmon doing this. Since then they have often been watched carefully when trying to jump up a fall. The great Norwegian fosses are altogether too much for them, and they are unable to ascend a sheer stream of white water falling, perhaps, 60ft. or 70ft. without a break. This is why the bulk of the Norwegian salmon rivers break short off as salmon rivers and turn into trout streams. But if a fall goes



A HIGH JUMP OF EIGHTEEN FEET.

down in a series of cascades, and these cascades have any bits of smoothish water, even of a few feet in width, on to which the salmon can jump, they will do so, and get up the ascent from point to point with an agility quite comparable to that of goats on a cliff. The height which they can jump depends largely on whether the ascent is almost upright and whether the "take off" is a good one.

We were watching salmon leaping at a celebrated fall in Scotland, and guessed the height at 12ft. A Highland water-bailiff at our side said, correcting us, "Auchteen" (eighteen). The leap when measured was a little over 16ft. Popular natural history, which nowadays is usually written by very competent hands, who carefully consult the best authorities, puts the ordinary leap of salmon at from 8ft. to 10ft., and the limit at 14ft. This is, in any case, a surprising effort for a fish. Fourteen feet is higher than any animal—except, perhaps, a leopard—could spring perpendicularly from sound ground. But the salmon, in addition to rising from the water, emerges from a fluid which is moving in the opposite direction from that in which he jumps—from a platform which is slipping from under



A LABRADOR SALMON AND SEA-TROUT.



MIDWAY UP.



THE UPWARD FLIGHT.

was a difference in the leaping powers of fish, those jumping from still water doing much better than those which rose from broken waters or a rapid current. On some rivers the fish were more slenderly built than on others, and these narrow fish were first-class leapers. These are the fish shown in the photographs. In the illustrations the whole process of the ascent of a fall by salmon may be traced. No. 1 exhibits a fish which made a splendid record, a HIGH JUMP OF 18FT., and the second is a fish which made a tie, jumping to the same height. These White Bear salmon were all small fish, averaging from 8lb. to 10lb., but were first-class goers in rough places. The next photograph is one of A LABRADOR SALMON AND SEA-TROUT, placed side by side, both taken from this water. The very different proportions of the two fish are strikingly shown. The first weighs 20lb., and the trout 4½lb.

By standing on a rock which commanded the fall, Dr. Morris was able to see both the first and second leaps of the fish. Their object was to reach some comparatively still water, just under the brow of the fall. This shows dark in the illustrations, while the surrounding water is white. From this when reached they made, after a little rest, a second leap, which took them to the head of the fall. The distance of the first step was 12ft. This was ascertained by making knots in a fishing-line at every yard, and then dropping it as a plumb-line from the top of the rod. The distance from the bottom of the fall to the first resting-place was just 12ft. perpendicular, and by setting the photographic apparatus opposite and close to the alighting place, the different movements were recorded, from the take-off to the alighting. The big fish in the first illustration is seen sideways, and exhibits the curve of the back which marks the early part of the leap. The third view shows it MIDWAY UP. In No. 4 THE UPWARD FLIGHT is continued, and the fish is beginning to spread his pectoral fins. As the flight goes on, these are spread to the utmost extent, the back is stiffened, the tail fully spread, and the fish is seen SAILING HOME almost horizontally.

The last view, No. 6, shows the salmon ALIGHTING IN SHELTER, in the bit of stiller green water, just under the brow



SAILING HOME.

him. It is not quite as bad as trying a standing high jump from the foot-plate of a tram going in the opposite direction, but is nearly as bad.

The very interesting series of photographs here shown give authentic records not only of the height of a salmon's leap, but of what has never been shown before—the manner and attitude of his spring. They were taken by Dr. R. T. Morris, on the White Bear River, a salmon stream in Labrador.

He noticed that there

of the last step of the cataract. From this, after it has rested, it will make another spring to the higher levels of the fall.

It was noticed that the fish needed a little practice to do this. They would fail twice or thrice to do 8ft., and then jump 16ft. It is open to everyone to form their own opinion of



ALIGHTING IN SHELTER.

the way the salmon jumps from these views. But it is quite evident that he knows what he is doing from start to finish.



NOTES FOR THE TABLE.

A LITTLE DINNER.

MENU.

Clear Soup.
Filets of Sole with Cucumber Sauce.
Lamb Cutlets, with Ragout of Truffles.
Little Cases of Sweetbread.
Roast Chickens.
Peas. New Potatoes.
Plovers' Eggs in Aspic.
Strawberry Salad. Champagne Jelly.
Princess Canapés.

FILLETS OF SOLE WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE.

Smooth out some neatly-trimmed filets of sole with a wet knife, brush them over with beaten egg, dust them with salt and cayenne, and sprinkle them lightly with chopped tarragon, chervil, and parsley, then roll them up and secure them with fine twine. Butter a sauté-pan, place the filets in it, pour half a tumblerful, or more—according to the number of filets—of Chablis or light hock over them, cover the pan, and leave them for five minutes; then pour in sufficient fish-broth to cover the fish, and let them cook gently until they are done. Drain the filets, remove the twine, and mask them with cucumber sauce; place them in an upright position, with a little heap of finely-chopped cooked cucumber sprinkled with parsley on the top of each, and pour the remainder of the sauce round the dish. For the sauce, cut up one large or two small cucumbers from which the peel has been removed, and let them simmer gently in butter until quite tender, then add half a pint of creamy white sauce which has been well thickened, a large teaspoonful of hock or Chablis, and a small quantity of green colouring; pass the sauce and cucumber through a hair sieve, and reheat it before using.

LAMB CUTLETS, WITH RAGOUT OF TRUFFLES.

Braise some well-trimmed cutlets with plenty of vegetables for thirty-five minutes, and place them between two flat dishes until they are cold. Pound three ounces of panada with half an ounce of butter, then add the contents of a medium-sized tin of pâté de foie gras; season with salt and pepper, and moisten with one and a-half raw eggs, and pass the mixture through a fine wire sieve. Mask the cutlets evenly and smoothly with the farce, let them stand for half-an-hour, then dip them into beaten egg, and cover them with dry bread-crumbs; leave them for a quarter of an hour before frying them in boiling fat. Place a little frill on each cutlet, dish them up on a border of carefully-prepared spinach, and fill the middle of the dish with a ragout of truffles. Make half a pint of good thick brown sauce, add an ounce of glaze, a few drops of carmine, and a wineglassful of Marsala. Slice some large truffles, add them to the sauce, and let them simmer gently for about twenty minutes, when they will be ready to serve.

LITTLE CASES OF SWEETBREAD.

Make some little batter cases, and fill them with a salpicon made according to the directions given below. For the batter mix two tablespoonfuls of salad oil well with the yolks of two eggs; add a pinch of salt and a dust of pepper,

and stir in gradually seven ounces of fine dry flour; then pour in by degrees, stirring all the time, sufficient tepid water to make a thick batter, and beat the mixture for ten minutes with a wooden spoon; cover the basin containing the batter with a cloth, and let it stand for two hours before using it. Just before the batter is required, stir in the stiffly-whisked whites of the two eggs. Place some small plain dariole moulds, or tin cups made for the purpose, in a bath of fat which is hot enough to fizzle on a piece of bread being thrown into it, without being at a sufficiently high temperature to give off blue smoke. When the moulds, or cups, are thoroughly heated, immerse them in the batter so that they are evenly coated all over, and place immediately in the hot fat, leaving them there until the batter is a delicate golden colour. Take the batter cases carefully from the moulds, and keep them hot until they are ready to be filled; just before serving brush them over lightly on the outside with some white of egg and sprinkle them thickly with parsley and egg, prepared as follows: Pound the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and colour them with carmine, then pass them through a sieve and mix them with some finely-chopped parsley. For the salpicon cut into small dice-shaped pieces a large sweetbread which has been stewed in some good white stock and allowed to get cold, mix it with half the quantity of cooked tongue, also cut into dice, two tablespoonfuls of chopped champignons, and one tablespoonful of cockscombs, also cut up. Have ready half a pint of thick velouté sauce which has been made with delicately-flavoured chicken and veal stock, and cream, add a tablespoonful of mushroom liquor, a dessertspoonful of sherry, and when it is nearly at boiling point stir in the yolk of an egg which has been beaten up with two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, and remove the pan from the fire; moisten the salpicon with the sauce, and shortly before it is required heat it in a *bain-marie*. When the little cases are filled, scatter some of the red egg and parsley over the top of the salpicon and serve without delay.

POLOVERS' EGGS IN ASPIC.

Put a layer of pale green aspic jelly in a low border mould, and when it has set, arrange some plovers' eggs on it which have been boiled and shelled, fix them in place with a little of the jelly, and then arrange another layer of the

eggs, and when these are firmly set, pour in sufficient jelly to fill the mould. When ready, turn out the jelly border, and fill up the middle with asparagus which has been lightly dressed with mayonnaise, and garnish the top with sprays of chervil.

STRAWBERRY SALAD.

Put some ripe strawberries from which the stalks have been removed into a silver bowl, sprinkle some powdered sugar over them, and pour a wineglass of sherry and a wineglass of maraschino over them, and leave them on ice for an hour before the salad is to be served. The last thing before sending the salad to table fill up the bowl with whipped cream which has been slightly sweetened, flavoured with maraschino, and placed in an ice cave sufficiently long to be well iced without being frozen; sprinkle the top of the cream thickly with finely-chopped pistachio nut, and serve vanilla wafers with the salad.

PRINCESS CANAPÉS.

Pass the yolks of three or four hard-boiled eggs through a sieve, pound them with an ounce of butter and a large tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, season them with celery salt and a dust of curry powder, and heat the mixture in a small saucepan in which a small piece of fresh butter has been melted. When it is hot, spread it evenly on some lightly-baked cheese biscuits, made with cheese pastry; form a lattice-work over the top of each with small strips of anchovy, cut from some fillets of boned anchovies. Place the canapés in a moderate oven, with a piece of buttered paper over them, for a few moments to ensure their being quite hot, and before sending them to table scatter a little coloured semolina—prepared as below—over the spaces of the lattice-work, so that red and green may alternate. Serve on a lace-edged paper garnished with chervil. Place some fine semolina in a saucer, and pour over it sufficient carmine to make it a clear red, mix it well, and spread it on a sheet of paper and leave it until it is quite dry, then rub it between the hands to separate the grains, so that it may be a fine powder when finished. Colour some more in the same way, only use liquid green colouring instead of carmine, and be careful not to make it too dark.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.



"Captain Swift" and "The First Night."

MR. TREE has revived "Captain Swift" at Her Majesty's Theatre, and has provided a pleasant contrast to the strenuousness of that "well-made" drama in the rollicking humours of "The First Night." Mr. Tree's admirers—and their name is legion—therefore, have the opportunity of seeing him in two parts as varied as those of Falstaff and Gringoire, in which he appeared on the same evening for a season when he was in command at the Haymarket Theatre. Within a ten minutes' interval he plays the young and fascinating Australian bushranger, Captain Swift, and the funny old foreign father, Achille Talma Dufard, in "The First Night." It is a wonderful piece of differentiation.

"Captain Swift" is undoubtedly theatrical, but then we forgive the artifice of its basis for the sake of the dramatic truth of the superstructure. Mr. Haddon Chambers has built up a "palpitating" story, a fine emotional bit of work, in which the sentiment rings true and the characters are animated by cogent reasons, upon a mass of coincidences. Mind, he is not to be blamed for this; such things are quite right and proper, and by no means to be despised. All that it is necessary to point out is that a play which depends so much upon the improbable—though admirably effective and, indeed, perhaps enthralling—cannot belong to the highest type of drama. In "The Tyranny of Tears," for instance, there are no coincidences, and "The Tyranny of Tears" belongs to the highest type of drama, tragedy naturally excepted.

"Captain Swift" is a striking example of the "well-made" play, as Mr. Sydney Grundy would style it; "The Tyranny of Tears" would, one thinks, be included among Mr. William Archer's definition of the "better-made" play. That is, "Captain Swift" conforms to all the best rules of the stage, "The Tyranny of Tears" conforms to life itself. Everything in the one is possible, but highly improbable—in the groundwork, that is; everything in the other is probable. That is the difference.

Swift, *alias* Wilding, the Australian bushranger, comes to London and becomes a friend of a rich and respectable family. This family happens to be one in which serving as butler is his old-time foster-brother; it happens to be one with whom Mr. Gardiner, a squatter from Queensland, who was once "held up" by Swift, is on terms of intimacy; more than all, it happens to be one in which the lady of the house is the mother of

Wilding himself, the mother whom he has never seen, who sent him out in the world when a child in order that her reputation might not suffer. So, you see, the coincidences are marvellous. So marvellous are they that the author thought it would be as well to disarm criticism by coining a graphic phrase, "the long arm of coincidence."

How clever a dramatist Mr. Chambers is may best be gauged by his very courage in this matter. A story so heavily weighted could not have overcome its mass of improbabilities had not its workmanship been masterly. It is so admirably written, however, so finely constructed, with such "feeling" for the stage, with such unerring judgment for the effective, that these coincidences hardly trouble one; they pass by unnoticed, so interested are we in the fate of the people of the play. Having granted Mr. Chambers his premisses, we follow him willingly to his conclusion. We enter with him into the thoughts and deeds of his creatures; carried away by the power and the force of it, we forget the unlikelihood of such a concatenation of circumstances. We follow with bated breath the fatality which leads Wilding to his death; we feel the pathos of his meeting with his mother, the dawn of love in his loveless heart; the Nemesis which, using his newly-awakened longing for good and the birth in him of the finer part of humanity, makes them the instrument of his punishment. In this compelling power Mr. Chambers proves himself a great dramatist. The springs of the emotions he portrays may be born in quicksand, but the emotions themselves are so true, so real, they would exist were the reasons for them entirely different, that we are convinced and carried away.

At Her Majesty's Theatre the play, of course, is finely interpreted. Mr. Tree's Swift is too well known to need further eulogium; he never gave more to the character than on the first night of the present revival. Mr. McLeay and Miss Genevieve Ward acted very admirably in parts a little out of their *genre*; Mr. Macklin, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. Kemble, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh added to the general completeness and finish of effect.

"The First Night" is a rollicking bit of fooling, caricaturing life "behind the scenes." It is pure farce from beginning to end, in which the secrets of stageland are shown, in caricature, to the public. Mr. Tree seemed to revel in the fun of the

character of the fond old father who is so impudent in his efforts to obtain for his young and pretty daughter a hearing behind the footlights. He played the big drum with the same thoroughness as he plays the most serious part; he descends to the orchestra and carries on an animated conversation with the people on the stage with the heartiest good spirits. Miss Moubrey, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Compton Courtis, Miss Fairfax, and the others enter heart and soul with him in the merry-making.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

AFTER Bernhardt, Coquelin and Jane Hading. London is maintaining its reputation in cosmopolitanism—a hearty welcome will be extended to the distinguished French artists who will visit us this season. At the Adelphi Theatre, Mme. Bernhardt will submit a particularly interesting programme, for she will appear, among other plays in her repertoire, in "Hamlet," herself impersonating the Prince of Denmark. This, of course, is a card to play which should prove irresistible to an English audience; it is really a fascinating prospect.

When Mme. Bernhardt leaves us, her place will be taken at the same house by M. Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading in "Cyrano de Bergerac"—in French, of course, just as we have already seen it at the Lyceum. Pending the time when someone or other presents an English version of the play, we must remain satisfied with seeing this epoch-marking work in its original tongue; but it is a sad reflection on our artistic status that so long a time has been allowed to elapse without an English translation having been made for our stage of a play which is universally recognised as the fine t of our generation.

In reference to this work, nothing further has transpired anent the curious statements, made so long ago as March last year, that M. Rostand, the author, found not only his inspiration, but his scenario, his characters, and "the very core and pivot" of his play, in an old French drama, "Roquelaure, ou L'Homme le plus laid de France," the work of three playwrights produced over sixty years ago. This play, it was said, came into the hands of one of our own dramatists, Mr. Sydney Grundy, long before the production in Paris of "Cyrano." He made an adaptation from it for production in this country. Another English writer, also, Mr. Horace Newte, found out this old work, "Roquelaure," and adapted it, in utter ignorance that "Cyrano" was identical in spirit, scene and story, and duly copyrighted his play here. The only difference in the plots of M. Rostand's and Mr. Newte's plays lies in this, that the ending of "Cyrano" is tragic and the other happy.

Of course, one can easily understand that M. Rostand might have gone to an old play for his subject, and "Shakespearianised" it, giving to what very likely is a bald piece of work all the poetry and genius that is in him, as Shakespeare did to many an old Italian story. Though Shakespeare undoubtedly stole his plots, no one accuses him of plagiarism, for he gave to those old stories the glamour and the fancy and the beauty which alone have made them immortal. Even Hamlet is borrowed, so far as the story goes. In all probability the same thing applies to the work of M. Rostand. But the curious fact remains that there is another play extant in England on the same subject and with many of the same

incidents. This has been copyrighted. How does this affect Mr. Charles Wyndham's property in the English rights of "Cyrano de Bergerac"?

It is interesting to learn that those two popular and striking novels by Mr. Max Pemberton, "Kronstadt" and "The Garden of Swords," are to be dramatised by the novelist himself in conjunction with that brilliant journalist Mr. Addison Bright, and that Mr. Charles Frohman has already secured the American rights. The English home of the plays is not yet decided upon, apparently. The stories are essentially dramatic and thrilling, and should make admirable plays.

I cannot do better, in drawing attention to a very interesting enterprise, than quote the particulars of it as succinctly given in "another place." The Art Workers' Guild are about to revive a sixteenth century pastime in producing a "Masque" for us. Its dependence upon grace and beauty and invention, upon splendour of spectacle, and, above all, upon the skill of the actors in pure pantomime—in which the whole stage entertainment is conducted—makes the carrying out of the idea a particularly formidable one. "Trueheart and Fayremonde; or, Beauty's Awakening: A Masque of Winter and Spring," is being prepared for the Guildhall performances next month, with all the completeness that would be demanded at a West End theatre. As many as eighty performers will be concerned in it, an elaborate review of Fair Cities of the Past will provide

a feast for the eye, and for the scenic beauties many of the most notable artists of the day will be responsible.

That charming comedy, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," continues to attract large audiences to the Duke of York's Theatre; and, indeed, Mr. Anthony Hope's clever play should run right through the season. Miss Evelyn Millard's delightful performance of the heroine has gained in spirit and buoyancy since the first night, when it seemed to be as finished and fascinating as it well could be. It is probable that Miss Millard will be seen, later, as Glory Quail, when Mr. Frohman presents the dramatisation of Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian" at this house. This is a creation to which we are looking forward with great interest, for it will show us whether Miss Millard has emotional powers of greater depth than she has been called upon to express hitherto.

So "A Gaiety Girl" is very shortly to be revived at Daly's Theatre, interposing between "A Greek Slave" and "San-Toy," the new Chinese musical play, which is to be presented in the autumn. It will be interesting to note how this some-years old work will "wear." Will it seem out-of-date, frayed at the edges, in comparison with "The Geisha," "A Greek Slave,"

"A Runaway Girl," and the other pieces born since it went into retirement? This is always a curious thing to watch.

Mr. Gillette, the American author and actor whose popularity is as great on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, will, by the time this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published, be once more among us. He will consult with Dr. Conan Doyle upon the dramatisation of the character of Sherlock Holmes which Mr. Gillette is preparing. It was a suggestion of the present writer's which first directed the attention of Mr. Charles Frohman to the fact that Mr. Gillette was "cut out" for the part of Dr. Doyle's world-famous hero if ever that hero were placed upon the stage, and the play now being written is the outcome of that suggestion. And, indeed, there is no actor upon the stage, either in England or America, whose personality is so peculiarly fitted to the task of vivifying the character of the wonderful detective. Mr. Gillette's *sang-froid*, his imperturbability, his impressive unimpressibility, are the very things for the proper expression of the idiosyncrasies of Holmes. And so we are naturally anxious for news that it has been definitely arranged for the stage presentment in England of the hero of a hundred adventures.



J. Caswall Smith,

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

305, Oxford Str. et.

The news that Miss Nellie Farren may shortly return to the stage will be glad tidings to a large number of both old and young playgoers. Old playgoers will be glad to renew their acquaintance with the most popular burlesque actress the stage has probably ever seen, and the young ones will be delighted to have an opportunity to make personal acquaintance with one of whom they have heard so much. Miss Farren's reappearance the other day in "Justice Nell," at the Lyceum Theatre, on the occasion of Miss Lydia Thompson's benefit, shows that she is once again almost in the full possession of her powers. She was the bright particular star of an afternoon when popular artists of every grade and kind were present; but there was no mistaking the note of personal enthusiasm in the greeting which went up when Miss Farren appeared on the stage in scarlet and ermine. It is said that the management of a West End theatre is anxious to place "Justice Nell" in the regular evening programme, and it is to be hoped that arrangements may be completed which will bring about the happy event of Miss Nellie Farren's return to the stage.

PHCEBUS.



IT is rather a pity that our amateur championship heats have to be settled by one-round matches. One round is not quite long enough to eliminate the luck. It seems as if it were only Vardon that is able to laugh at luck. In the competitions of the last twelvemonth or so, he has had such a margin of advantage that it has covered the few strokes of difference in the luck; but there is but one Vardon, luckily—one Harry Vardon, that is. Even for him Taylor wants to have a "close time." And Vardon has had such a deal of success that he can get advantage, Phoenix-like, out of what would be bad luck to another man. When Rowe, at Mid-Surrey the other day, remonstrated with him mildly for playing the ball dead out of a bunker or two, he replied quietly, and without any idea of boasting (a notion that is entirely remote from him), "I generally win the holes where I get into bunkers. I don't know how it is," he added, "but it seems to happen so." That is

a very happy frame of mind in which to face a bunker, and the best assurance against going into it. But then we are not all Vardons, and most of us lose a little confidence under the circumstances. Park and Vardon have arranged the dates of their great match—the match of the century, it is the fashion to call it; but there have been several notable matches in this century that is approaching its last hole—July 6th at Ganton, and July 22nd at North Berwick. There will be a mighty gathering to see it. The Scotsmen cannot even yet believe that Park will be beaten, and certainly he has a way, without appearing to be doing anything grand, of getting into the hole in wonderfully few strokes—and that, after all, is the way to play golf and win golf matches. He is a terribly good putter; but Vardon is a mighty good putter, too. Some of the Scot's critics are by way of saying that Vardon will "curl up" when he comes against a man like Park in a big match. We can only say that for our part we have seen very little sign of "curling up" about him, though we have seen him in a "tight place" once or twice. He did not "curl up" before Taylor at Muirfield, when they played off the championship tie, the then champion being at his zenith. But we have a great respect for Park's game for all that, and expect a good match; but with Vardon the ultimate winner by half-a-dozen or so holes.

To return to the amateur championship, now close at hand, there are Mr. Tait, present holder and in real good form, and Mr. Laidlay, ex-champion and playing finely; there is Mr. Hilton, wonderfully steady at the score game—what a fine round that was of his at Formby the other day for the medal, when no one finished within eleven strokes of him. It was a veritable Vardonesque performance.

But Mr. Hilton likes score play best, and would no doubt have supported Mr. Buxton's motion at St. Andrews for introducing score play into the amateur championship conditions. That meeting, while professing the motion to be *ultra vires* of the meeting's legislation, yet expressed its opinion on the matter emphatically enough, and the Royal and Ancient Club's delegate will be instructed to vote against any alteration of the amateur championship conditions if the same motion be brought forward at the delegates' meeting. And then Mr. Ball, though he is not the man he was, can never be a quantity to be neglected. There is Mr. Maxwell, too, conqueror of Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton at the Muirfield meeting two years ago. He has lately been beating Sayers twice over at North Berwick, the latter's home green. His second round was 78. So he is not to be lightly thought of, either. And of course there are plenty more.

What makes every man who can play at all dangerous in these amateur tournaments is that though only one or two are at all likely to worry right through to the end and win, still any one of them may likely enough play a fine single round and knock out a man who is really a better player and more worthy champion. This is the disadvantage of the short, one round, match. But life is short, and the amateur championship takes up as much of it as most of us can afford to give as it is.

Mr. Guy Boothby's Kennel at Sunbury.

IT falls to the lot of very few dogs, even in these days when the comfort of their canine friends is a subject of solicitude to many devoted owners, to occupy such a palatial kennel as do the favourites of Mr. Guy Boothby, whose residence at



T. Fall,

PRINCE GALETZIN.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

OLD NOBILITY.

Faker Street.

Sunbury must be a perfect paradise for dogs. Mr. Boothby, moreover, is not an owner who is discouraged by reverses of fortune, as hitherto his luck with his pets has not been of the best, as witness the untimely end of the famous



T. Fall,

KENTON COURT.

Baker Street.

bulldog, Black Watch, who died a few weeks after he became a member of the Sunbury kennel, having changed hands at an extremely long figure, even for a bulldog.

Mr. Boothby, however, has other fine specimens of the national dog of England to gratify his taste for bulldogs, as in CHAMPION MONKEY BRAND he possesses a dog that, when in his prime, was quite at the head of the breed to which he belongs. Monkey Brand, moreover, is an animal of irreproachable disposition; but this, it may be suggested, is nothing peculiar in the case of a bulldog, for no variety of the canine race is slower to anger or more gentle towards children than the bulldog, whose courage, when aroused, is often popularly but erroneously confounded with vice. Then, too, there is OLD NOBILITY, a fine-headed bulldog that distinguished himself at the recent club show at the Royal Aquarium, to rejoice his owner's heart; but good specimen though Old Nobility is, he lacks the development of chest possessed by Monkey Brand, as a comparison of their likenesses will prove.

Between the bulldog and the greyhound a great gulf is fixed in the minds of most persons, yet Mr. Boothby succeeds in finding much to admire in both varieties, and has therefore possessed himself of the white and fawn SOUTHBOROUGH REALITY, a grandly-proportioned representative of this graceful breed, whose name is known throughout the show world as a winner of high honours in the very best

work lies more in the direction of that to which the deerhound is applied in Scotland, as the Russian hunters slip their Borzois after wounded wolves, which the hounds are expected to pursue

of company. The Borzoi PRINCE GALETZIN, a beautifully-coated white which has occupied the premier position at Manchester, the Crystal Palace, Birkenhead, and many other shows, is evidently a favourite of Mrs. Boothby; indeed, the aristocratic, broody-looking Borzois have always been supported by the fair sex, Lady Emily Peel having been in the habit of exhibiting a fine specimen named Sandringham at the leading dog shows of the early seventies. Peaceable and quiet though the Borzois are when confined to kennel, there is an alert look about their eyes which, in spite of the languishing expression so characteristic of the breed, betokens the possession of a sporting instinct. It must not be supposed, however, that the Borzoi in his native Russia is devoted to the task of entering a wood to do single battle with a wolf. On the contrary, his



T. Fall,

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (MONKEY BRAND).

Baker Street.

and hold up until their masters arrive and administer the *coup de grace*.

As might be expected, such a kennel as that owned by

Mr. Guy Boothby was certain to include a fox-terrier amongst its inmates, if only for the purpose of killing predatory rats; but as the great novelist, wise man as he is, believes in keeping nothing but the very best, the last-mentioned breed is represented at Sunbury by the well-known winner LEGER-DEMAIN, a dog of a most beautiful type, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, which represents him preparing for an attack upon the vermin in the destruction of which his heart delights. Finally, there is the little black Pomeranian BILLY to provide a still further illustration of the catholicity of Mr. Guy Boothby's taste in dog-flesh; and, as few more perfect specimens of the Pomeranian breed exist, it may with safety



T. Fall,

THE NEW KENNELS.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

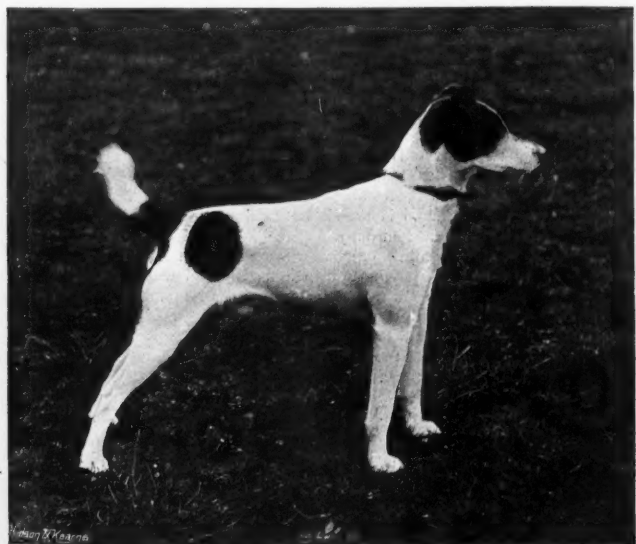
BILLY.

Baker Street.

be contended that Billy most worthily maintains the reputation of the Sunbury kennel.

In short, Mr. Guy Boothby extends the same thoroughness to his dog-keeping as to the more serious affairs of life; and whether he is engaged in a novel or on a stroll round his beautifully-constructed kennels, his sole object is only to do the subject before him the fullest justice. A curious fact in connection with Mr. Guy Boothby's literary work is that his usual practice is to speak his novels into a phonograph, whence the words are subsequently taken down and type-written by a secretary. In the illustration appearing on the next page the author

is to be seen engaged upon the congenial task of holding communion with his phonograph, and doubtless the result will be the appearance of another of those charming works which the British reading public hold in such high esteem.



T. Fall,

LEGERDEMAIN.

Baker Street.

CYCLING NOTES.

IT was amusing to see in *Punch* last week a picture of a man who had fallen from a free-wheel safety; the comic Press is not usually so up-to-date. It is evident, however, that already the capacity of the free wheel to upset its riders under certain conditions, and particularly during the learning stage, has become sufficiently general to be referred to in this fashion. Personally, I am still in doubt as to whether the free wheel will have a great vogue or not. It certainly confers certain contingent advantages, and the provision of double brake power—not only double, but more effective in each instance than that which is usually supplied on ordinary machines—is of itself a strong inducement to take to free-wheeling. For ladies, of course, the free pedal confers an opportunity of coasting without the liability of entanglement in the fluttering skirt, and this will ever be a potent argument in favour of the innovation.

A battle royal, however, will eventually be waged between two main types of machines embodying the free-wheel principle. In some the rear brake, which is actuated by the feet, is applicable at any point of the pedal revolution; in others it can be applied at four, or perhaps two, points, while in the remainder it is only possible to effect a stoppage when the feet are in one definite position. I regret to see that the number of the "brake at any point" machines is increasing, for, in spite of their growing number, I am firmly of opinion that the use of this type is much more conducive to accident than those with the "one-point" mechanism—in fact, all the bad spills which have come within my personal observation have been due to the former method. It is all very well to say that in traffic one is frequently under the necessity of applying the brake with suddenness, and that one cannot wait for the pedals to assume a prescribed position.

This is true enough, but it should scarcely be necessary to point out that

every free-wheel machine that is worth a moment's consideration is provided with a front wheel brake as well, applied by the ordinary lever and plunger mechanism, and it is to this that the rider should trust for the sudden arrest of his progress when riding in traffic. In fact, it is this rapidity of application which tends to the survival of the otherwise effete and inefficient plunger brake of the common type. The rider with a "one-point" back-peddalling brake should use it as his mainstay in hill descending, and for applying retarding power generally under all conditions except where the application of retarding power is a matter of a

fraction of a second. It is just under such conditions that the "brake-at-any-point system" is disastrous, and I think it is to be regretted that several of the firms which have recently taken to the fitting of free-wheel clutches should have resorted to this principle. There is a curious discrepancy of opinion even among the brake-at-any-point advocates. One firm, for instance, in announcing its new back hub clutch, emphasises the importance of the fact that there is no back-lash, and that the back-peddalling brake is capable of instantaneous application. This, of course, is the great source of danger of which I complain. Another firm, however, which has recently introduced a brake-at-any-point combination, allows about an inch of back-lash to occur between the pressure of the foot and the actual application of the brake. The second is somewhat better than the first, of course; but better than either is the "one-point" system.

There is no legal virtue, it appears, in the plea of urgency that has been set up from time to time on behalf of medical men who have availed themselves of the footpath when obeying an urgent summons to a patient. At Leamington, the other day, a local physician proffered this excuse, but it did not avail him much, and he was mulcted in a fine of 1s. 6d. and 11s. costs. The plea was first raised, it may be remembered, by a Gosport doctor, who contended that an old statute still existed under which he was entitled to take the shortest route when visiting patients. An erroneous report appeared in almost every paper in the country, to the effect that the case was dismissed on these grounds, but as a matter of fact it was only adjourned in order to give the doctor time to look up his authorities. In the end, however, he was unable to sustain his contention, but was allowed to escape further penalty upon the mere payment of the cost of the summons. Old statute or not, the use of a footpath in certain cases is morally permissible, and might be granted without fear of abuse, the onus resting in every case upon the rider to prove the necessity for leaving the main thoroughfare.

Colonel Ricardo, a Berkshire Justice of the Peace, is entitled to the thanks of cyclists for his recent efforts to facilitate their passage through that particular county, at any rate. At the last meeting of the Berkshire County Council he introduced the following proposition, of which previous notice had been given: "To ask the chairman of the Highways Committee if some arrangement cannot be made whereby cyclists can have at least 3ft. of unstoned road to

travel on upon one side when stones are laid down on main thoroughfares." At present, although having a right to use the road, they are unable to do so. Herein the gallant colonel voiced a grievance under which cyclists have groaned for many a year past. He asked why they should drive cyclists to commit crime, and be brought to stand in the felon's dock, when it was perfectly impossible for them to travel on the road, and they were forced on to the path. If a little allowance were made for cyclists there would not be so much crime. Perhaps the police would not have so much to do, but it was very easy to catch cyclists riding on the path. Another speaker, Captain Loder Symonds, said that it was a real grievance which was recognised in continental countries. In France and Belgium, when the road was impassable on account of being stoned, cyclists were allowed to use the footpath. He thought they might allow cyclists to wheel their machines on the path instead of forcing them to break the law. However, the chairman of the Highways Committee, not being himself a cyclist, did not prove to be particularly sympathetic in his reply to these representations. He said that if they were asked to leave tracks for cyclists it would have to be on both sides of the road, because cyclists did not go all one way, and so sure as they left a portion of unstoned road it would be used by the wheeled vehicles. One fails to see the force of this contention. However, the chairman went so far as to say that the Highways Committee recognised that cycling had done a vast deal of good; it had also come to stay, and therefore had to be reckoned with. The county surveyor would take every opportunity within reason to give facilities to cyclists on the roads. More than that they could not say, and the proposal made by Colonel Ricardo was impracticable. It was put and lost, but none the less it will have had some moral effect, and if a cyclist champion could be found on every other County Council to raise the matter in the same spirited fashion as did the gallant colonel, in due course, no doubt, the motions would bear fruit.

A Bedfordshire county journal has been calling attention to the hard case of the cyclist with reference to the new roads which now abound on the outskirts of John Bunyan's town. "The authorities come along," it says, "make up the pavements, and dump down cart-loads of stones on the roads, so that they resemble nothing so much as the beach. The butcher-boys and tradesmen's carts are left to plough a way through, and in time they make a couple of tracks an inch or two wide. Then comes along the policeman, and if he finds an incautious cyclist riding on the footpath he chortles in his glee and hales him or her before the magistrates. If it is such a road as we have described, and if the footpath is deserted, where is the harm? Of course, any decent cyclist would dismount if he met a timid pedestrian on the footpath. Really the policeman should wink the other eye in such cases, till the Corporation transforms the beach into something like a road." It is a significant fact that in two separate districts attention should thus be publicly called to the inconvenience which cyclists suffer in regard to this matter of impassable thoroughfares. Of what effect, it may be asked, is a law concerning the use of a thoroughfare when *ipso facto* there is no thoroughfare to use? Regulations in their present form should surely be accompanied by an injunction to avoid the repairing of any given road across its entire width at the same moment.

THE PILGRIM.



WE are rapidly getting for'ard with the racing season of 1899. We have already run through the Spring Handicaps; by the time these notes appear in print we shall be within a few days of the Derby. A number of supposed good two year o'ds have already been introduced to the starter, and yet I doubt if we have up to now seen a really great horse of any age, excepting Flying Fox. The principal feature of the season, so far, has been the success of Australian and American bred horses, and those who try to deny the deterioration of the English thorough-bred must be hard put to it for arguments. At Lincoln we saw the promising three year old Le Blizon winning the Batthyany Stakes, but he has since run badly with Trident, and he need not be thought of any more in connection with classic events. Trident, on the other hand, has done well, having won the Forty-first Newmarket Biennial, and the Dee Stakes at Chester, and having been apparently second-best to Flying Fox in the Guineas, though I very much doubt if Caiman showed his best form that day.

The last-named, who once beat Flying Fox, is never likely to do so again, it is true, but I somehow fancy that he was by no means himself at Newmarket on the Two Thousand day, and that he will do better later on. Of Flying Fox it is unnecessary to say anything here, except that he stands out by himself as a long way the best of a bad lot of three year olds, and that he may be a smasher, though he must do something more to prove it than he has done hitherto. If only he were to meet the French colt Holocauste fresh and well, and at his best, at Epsom, on Wednesday next, we should know more about it. Great things were at one time expected of Frontier, who ran second to Flying Fox in the famous Kingsclere gallop, but he finished behind the American Dominie II., Kent, and Harrow, in the Newmarket Stakes. The last of these is a good game little colt, but too small to be in the first class, and Kent, by Kendal out



T. Fall,

MR. GUY BOOTHBY MAKING A NOVEL.

Baker Street.

of Adornment, is a big, backward, improving sort that may make a good horse later in the season.

A colt of this age that won two races at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting is My Boy, by Marcion out of Marchioness, d.m of Altesse, whom I remember as a very good-looking yearling in Sir Tatton Sykes's lot at Doncaster, where he made 1,600 guineas. He is very likely to get all the money back with interest, though I doubt if he need be thought of in connection with the Derby, for which he has been backed at outside prices since his Newmarket victories. Lord Edward II. is a useful sort, and has shown that he can stay, but he is not engaged in any of the classic events of the season. If the three year old colts are, with one exception, moderate, as they probably are, what shall we say of the fillies? Simply that Sibola is unquestionably the best, and she may be nothing wonderful. We are thus brought face to face with the fact that out of a lot of five, Flying Fox, Sibola, Caiman, Dominie II., and Trident, who are probably the best three year olds we have seen out this season, no less than three were bred in the United States of America.

Let us now look at the handicap form. Here we find the Irish-bred General Peace leading off with a clever victory in the Lincoln Handicap, behind him being Knight of the Thistle, who afterwards won the Jubilee Stakes. Hawfinch, who took the London Cup at Alexandra Park, will be worth following if he is kept fresh and well; and then we get on to the Newmarket Craven Meeting, where we saw the useful Northern Farmer win the Crawford Plate of six furlongs in great style, though the American-bred Berzak has since then cut him to pieces in the Alexandra Handicap, run over the same distance at Gatwick. The handicap heroes of the Epsom Spring Meeting were King's Messenger, who beat a good field in a canter in the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and the Waler, Newhaven II., who won the City and Suburban almost as easily, another Australian, Survivor, being second. Oddly enough, neither of these ran up to this form in their subsequent efforts at Chester and Kempton Park, but there certainly was an excuse for the City and Suburban winner at the last-named place, and I still look upon him as about the third-best horse in England, whilst there was decided merit in the manner in which he cut down Berzak, So'ennis, and Golden Bridge in the March Stakes at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. At Chester the lightly-weighted Uncle Mac (late Northallerton) just beat Batt in the Cup; and at Kempton Park Knight of the Thistle won the Jubilee Stakes. An improved four year o'd, and a good stayer, is Flavius, who won the Great Northern Handicap at York last week, and who will probably win again over courses of a mile and a-half, or more.

Among the two year olds Hulcot began the season well by winning the Brocklesby Stakes in good style from Styria, but Vulpio has since then beaten him at Sandown Park, and Blacksmith also finished in front of him at Gatwick the week before last. Cracko is useful, but will never be in the first class, though Chevening, who beat him out of a place in the Mostyn Two Year Old Plate at Chester, also beating O'Donovan Rossa, who afterwards defeated Democrat, is probably an improving sort. Emotion, who won the Royal Two Year Old Plate at Kempton Park, is probably too small to hold her own later in the season, though evidently very sharp now. She had, however, to lower her colours to Sonatura in the Somerville Stakes at Newmarket, and this daughter of Amphion and Albertine may be the best of her age we have seen out yet, though the filly by Janissary out of Swiftsure, who beat Cutaway in the Hyde Park Plate at Epsom, and Blacksmith, who defeated the same colt at Newmarket, are probably useful. To these must be added Longy, by the Australian sire Trenton out of Saintly, who last week won the Weston Stakes of six furlongs at Bath, and who, being a very backward sort, is likely to improve into a very good colt. Of all these, perhaps Sonatura and Chevening may turn out to be the best, though we have probably not seen a really good two year old this season as yet.

It may not be uninteresting here to look at the breeding of the various animals which have been referred to as having distinguished themselves in their own particular classes. To begin with the juveniles, Sonatura is by Amphion, who is doing well this season, out of Albertine, who is by Albert Victor out of Annetie. The worst feature of Amphion's pedigree is his close

inbreeding to Newminster, but this is somewhat redeemed by the stout cross of Birdcatcher and Melbourne in his dam Suicide, whilst as Albertine gives him both these strains back through Albert Victor's dam Princess of Wales, and also gets some stout blood through her dam Annette, there seems to be no reason why Sonatura should be so far as her breeding is concerned. In tail male she, of course, goes straight back to Blacklock. Chevening is by Orion, by Bend Or from Shotover, out of Simena, by St. Simon from Flying Footstep, by Doncaster, and is, therefore, inbred on his two outside quarterings to Stockwell (Birdcatcher), to whom his sire is also inbred through Bend Or and Stray Shot, who is out of Vaga, by Stockwell. His dam is inbred to Galopin (Blacklock), and goes back on her dam's side to that good mare Feronia, by Thormanby out of Woodbine, by Stockwell. In both these two year olds then we find the Birdcatcher and Blacklock combination predominant.

So is it again in the case of the three year old Flying Fox, who is by Orme (Birdcatcher) out of Vampire, by Galopin (Blacklock) from Irony, by Rosebery (Blacklock). He therefore strains back in tail male to Birdcatcher, whose blood he gets again through Vedette and Sarcasm, whilst he is inbred to Blacklock, through Galopin, on his two inside quarterings, and also through his maternal grandam Irony. Of the three American three year olds, Caiman, Dominie II., and Sibola, the first is directly descended from Sir Hercules, sire of Birdcatcher, and gets plenty of the same blood through Stockwell and Rataplan, whilst he also strains back to Queen Mary, through his paternal grandam, and on his dam's side gets the invaluable Sweetmeat and Birdcatcher cross, through Cremorne. He is, therefore, full of Sir Hercules blood, to which Dominie II. also strains straight back in tail male, combining with it the blood of Gladiator on his dam's side. Sibola also comes of the Gladiator family on her dam's side, her dam Saluda being, like Dolores, dam of Dominie II., by Mortemer; but her sire being The Sailor Prince, winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1886, by Albert Victor, she goes back in tail male to Whalebone through Touchstone, instead of Sir Hercules, whose blood, however, she inherits through her maternal grandam Perfection, and also on her sire's side through Lifeboat. Sibola is therefore very stoutly bred, going back to Whalebone as she does through Camel and Sir Hercules, and with a good cross of Gladiator on her dam's side.

Among the handicappers, General Peace, being by Gallinule, is very inbred to Birdcatcher, of which blood he gets another cross on his dam's side through Uncas, and on which side he goes back to Touchstone through his maternal grandsire Victor. He therefore represents the good old Yardley cross of Birdcatcher on Touchstone, in other words inbreeding to Whalebone. The Blacklock blood is again to the front in Knight of the Thistle, who is by Rosebery, and who gets the same strain again on his dam's side through Bonny Bell, dam of Beauclerc, sire of his dam The Empress Maud. Beauclerc comes of the Weatherbit family on his sire's side, so that the Jubilee Stakes winner may be said to belong chiefly to the Blacklock line, with good crosses of Weatherbit and Touchstone. He also inherits the Gladiator blood through Queen Mary, dam of Bonny Bell. King's Messenger, by King Monmouth out of Swiftsure, is remarkably full of Birdcatcher and Blacklock blood, perhaps more so than any horse in the Stud Book, which no doubt accounts for his stamina; Hawfinch combines Birdcatcher with two crosses of Sweetmeat in his sire Goldfinch, and plenty of Touchstone through his dam Chalk Hill Blue; Flavius is inbred to Touchstone, with any amount of Birdcatcher and Melbourne, and a cross of Blacklock, through Volley, dam of Lord Clifden's dam, The Slave. He ought, therefore, to stay for ever. The Waler Newhaven II. is a very curious instance of inbreeding to Sir Hercules and Touchstone. He is by Newminster, by The Marquis, out of Spa, from Oceana, by St. Albans. Now The Marquis was by Stockwell—Cinzelli, by Touchstone; Spa was by Leamington, son of Faugh-a-Ballagh, by Sir Hercules—Satanella, by Newminster, by Touchstone; and St. Albans was by Blair Athol (Sir Hercules) out of Pandora, by Cotterstone, son of Touchstone. On his fourth quartering he goes back to Tim Whiffler.

In all these pedigrees we therefore find the Blacklock and Birdcatcher bloods in the ascendant. It is also remarkable how well these two combine, whilst the latter also nicks well with that of Gladiator, and the good old system of inbreeding to Whalebone through Sir Hercules and Camel is by no means played out yet.

OUTPOST.

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

SPORTSMEN may not be directly interested in the disagreement that has occurred in the ammunition trade, but indirectly the dispute concerns them, because it can be seen that its results, when they come, are certain to have the effect of revolutionising the manufacture of sporting cartridges as well as their sale. It should be clearly understood that the refusal of the combined explosive manufacturers to supply Messrs. Kynoch with their powders was not founded upon a demand that the latter should give up the manufacture of sporting powder altogether. It was based upon the statement that Messrs. Kynoch were offering cartridges loaded with their own powder for sale at a cheaper price than they offered to supply customers with cartridges loaded by them with Schultze, E.C., amberite, or cannonite. We have been asked to make this distinction and explanation. The distinction is perhaps too fine for thorough appreciation by the non-technical reader, for whether stated in the correspondence or not, there can be no question that the fact of Messrs. Kynoch making powder as well as cases is at the bottom of the disagreement, aggravated doubtless by the fact, commented on so strongly by their opponents, that they not only make the powder for their own ammunition, but make a distinction in price between such cartridges and those loaded with powders of other manufacture than their own. If Messrs. Kynoch have the right to go on making powder, they have an equal right to sell it at any price they choose, without dictation by third parties. True their doing so may prejudice the sale of other powders in their cases at higher prices than they offer to accept and by the combined manufacture are able to sell at, with fair profit. Other manufacturers have a perfect right to object to this treatment, seeing that they consider it prejudices their interests. They have objected, and finding their objection fruitless, they decline to supply any more powder to Messrs. Kynoch to be loaded into cartridges, in the usual way, and sold at the usual price. The lines therefore are clearly marked out on both sides, and it would be difficult to forecast the result.

Messrs. Kynoch are in a strong position, from being able to supply gun-makers and ironmongers with a loaded cartridge containing their

own smokeless powder, by no means an inferior one, while their opponents again have the prestige behind them of a ten years' record and reputation for their nitro-compounds, which undoubtedly will serve them well in the present struggle. Their weakness lies in their inability to make a cartridge-case for themselves, as can Messrs. Kynoch. Let them obtain that power, and victory is assured them. Without it, they are entering on a long and tedious fight, and the longer it is prolonged, the greater chance have Messrs. Kynoch of succeeding in the end, as the merits of their cheaper ammunition become more widely known in the world of sport. We do not, however, desire our remarks to be read as giving a certificate of merit to the Kynoch powder. To the great multitude of keen sportsmen its merits and demerits are unknown, for they have not even tried it. Many of them have no wish to try it, being thoroughly satisfied with whatever older-established powder they have found most suitable for them, and with which they always find themselves shooting in good form. Messrs. Kynoch have therefore entered upon a very hard fight, of which, however, they must have carefully calculated the cost.

The enormous rise in the price of copper, which we understand has decided the Government against giving out orders for cartridges at present, is very unlikely to last. Such fluctuations occur as regularly as the ebb and flow of the tide. The fall comes as certainly as the rise; but while inflated prices obtain in the copper market, they are reflected of course in the price of cartridge-cases. As we announced a few weeks ago, gun-makers have now to pay their case-makers from five to thirteen per cent. more for their cases. In ordinary circumstances the price of cartridges would have been raised. That this has not occurred is in great measure attributable to the disturbance in the ammunition trade, mentioned here a short time ago. At their recent annual meeting the members of the Gun-makers' Association were not unanimous as to increasing ammunition prices in the circumstances, and very wisely decided to leave matters as they are. In truth, ammunition is now retailed through so many channels, and there is so much keen competition, that it is doubtful if any pronouncement by the Gun-makers' Association on the subject of prices would have much effect. Profits are cut so fine that even the best gun-makers cannot calculate on much of a return from ammunition sales, looking to the expense of loading many of them are put to in order to retain their connections. Enquiries in the gun trade within the last few weeks have convinced us that the days of cartridge loading by gun-makers are almost over, and the end of them will come without a pang of regret on the gun-makers' part. They will make more profit, and have less work and anxiety, by buying their cases loaded, as one or two leading gun-makers now do. That is the shape matters are taking in the ammunition business, and from the point of view of shooters there will be no reason to regret it. It will drive the fierce competition that now prevails among retailers into the ranks of the wholesale firms, who, again, by making a cartridge throughout, will be enabled to reduce its price without in any way affecting their profits. In fact they would, in all likelihood, greatly increase them by concentration of work, reaping the additional benefit of larger consumption at the lowered prices. A cheaper instead of a dearer cartridge is the end to which what is called the battle of the powders is tending; and despite the objections of a few provincial gun-makers who are quite content with matters as they are, the whole trade in ammunition is certain to become revolutionised, with very great advantage to sporting consumers, and without injury, we are persuaded, to the wholesale firms enterprising enough to march with the times. The cheapening of the cartridge must lead to a great increase in popularity of shooting, beneficial to shooters and manufacturers alike.

Reports from grouseland lately have not been very satisfactory. The weather has been unusually cold and wet in northern latitudes, and the nesting of the birds has been somewhat prejudiced thereby. On a good many moors the grouse stocks remaining are by no means large, and fears are expressed of the danger of having a good many barren birds, which means diminished bags when August arrives. On the other hand, such rumours are always to be looked for as June draws nigh and grouse shooters begin to get anxious as to the condition of their moors. Though a much harder bird than the partridge, the grouse does not thrive with a prolonged rainfall in the breeding season, but it takes a great deal of wet to prevent hatching. The critical time comes, as with the partridge, when the young birds leave the shell and stray over the heather. Wet and cold, they die or get drowned. But that time is not yet, and added eggs, though not unknown with continuous rainfall, are the rare exception, even in the worst springs. Despite forebodings, then, there are still grounds to hope for a good average grouse season, providing the weather improves, as it generally does, in June. A warm dry June would make a wonderful difference in the prospects of sport on the heather.

NEVIS.



PECULIAR POSITION OF ROOKS WHEN BROODING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The question raised in one of your "Chronicles of a Rookery" articles of the position of perching birds when brooding is a very interesting one, and for myself I think, from watching rooks, that they are more standing, or straddling, than sitting, and that the support they require is got by resting the neck and tail against the nest. The hen bird is always responsible for the size of the inside of the nest, and, whilst lining it, she is constantly measuring the hollow to the size of her own body; and if you will take a rook's nest and a rook you will find that you can fix the bird into the hollow tightly, with the breast against one side and the rump against the other, leaving space below for the legs to dangle almost at full length without touching the floor. So that, though she seems sitting, she is really standing. Surely it would be impossible for a rook to spring up off a nest full of eggs with the astonishin' dash which she does if her claws were fixed in the material of the nest, as they would be if she really *sate*. She could not do it without great risk to her eggs, if the muscles of her feet were tightened upon the lining of the nest by the weight of her body.—INSESSOR.

BLACK-FELLOWS' DUCK CATCHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A letter in your charming paper reminds me. The letter in question described pleasantly the netting of flighting pigeons by the people of the Pyrenees. A notable feature was the way in which they made the birds descend—fly down—by sending up a thing in the semblance of a hawk, to make them dive down out of the way of the bird's attack. It reminds me of a rather similar manner in which the Australian black-fellows take advantage of birds' fear of the predatory members of their family, and their tendency to fly down when one of these cannibals is about. On some of the Australian rivers there are immense numbers of ducks. The black-fellows know their line of flight perfectly. When they have marked down a great flock of the duck, they will send some of their number up the river to drive them. Down the river, perhaps a mile below, they will have stretched a net, woven of grass, across the river. The ducks come flighting down, scared by the fellows above. Near the net are hidden one or two other black-fellows, and as soon as the flight of duck appears they raise the cry of the eagle-hawk, which they can imitate with great exactness. The ducks hear the voice of their enemy, as they suppose; they come swooping down in great alarm, just over the water's surface, and dash incontinently into the net to give the black-fellows a supper. Curious similarity and yet difference in the methods on the Australian rivers and in the passes of the Pyrenees. The black-fellows' method appears to me the more finished, the appeal to the sense of hearing subtler than the appeal to the sight. But perhaps each is better suited to its own conditions.—BLACK SWAN.

A SPANIEL'S BAD HABIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should feel much obliged if you would kindly let me know in your next issue the best way to break a spaniel of twelve months from eating small birds. I do not know if he would eat game, but fear he might, and should like to break him of the bad habit before he gets worse. I have tried him by plastering the bird with cayenne pepper and mustard, but he seemed to relish it all the more. Of course I mean dead birds, such as sparrows, tomlits, etc.—BOWEN SUMMERS.

[In all probability if our correspondent were to get a dead bird, skin it and stuff it, inserting in the stuffing an arrangement of stiff wires, so that they would give the mouth of the dog when he tried to grab the bird a severe pick, but not making the points sharp enough to pierce him deeply and do him harm, it would soon cure him of his penchant for small birds. Use knitting needles cut down, if you please, driven into a cork to keep them stiff and prevent their getting down his throat, and in any case have the wires attached together at the centre, so that he should not swallow any loose ends accidentally. Leave the bird about in his path, so that he may come upon it as if by accident, and may not suspect it of having been specially prepared by you. This is the common mode of teaching a hard-mouthed retriever to be more gentle in his methods, and we shall be rather surprised if it cannot be applied so as to break our correspondent's spaniel of its evil habits. It would be interesting to hear the result if he concludes to give our advice a trial.—ED.]

MAGPIES' NEST IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I know that a large number of your readers take a great interest in anything appertaining to country life in London, it will perhaps be of interest to them to know that I yesterday (May 16th) discovered a pair of magpies nesting in a thick thorn bush in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. This is, so far as I know, the first recorded instance of these birds nesting in London. The nest is in one of the two trees close to the magpies' cage, and the wild birds, in flying over London, were doubtless attracted by the sight of their comrades in captivity, and, finding the Gardens quiet and full of food, wisely decided to take up their residence there.—HUBERT V. DUNCOMBE.

THE TREE-SPARROW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In confirmation of what "E. K. R." states in your issue of the 20th inst. in reference to sparrows, I certainly find that in this part of the country there are many more cock house-sparrows than hens. Since the beginning of this year I have been trapping and shooting sparrows as food for the merlin Michael Angelo illustrated in the same number of your paper, and out of fifteen trapped all but three were cocks, while out of twenty-two shot all were cocks except six. In my school days we always reckoned the cocks to be more difficult than the hens to catch, and the sexes seemed to be more even in numbers. I observe that of those that come to be fed on the lawn by far the larger proportion are cocks. This was noticed before nesting began, and the attention of others was called to the fact. Tree-sparrows are exceedingly rare here.—R. GARDNER, Maisemore, Abergavenny.

EARTH-WORMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I so often see enquiries in your paper about means of getting rid of worms on lawns, golf putting greens, etc., that I think you may like to hear that I have tried the earth-worm killer made by Messrs. Deighton and Smith, chemists, Bridgnorth, with very good effect. It has even been better than their claim for it, for whereas they recommend the use of a tablespoonful to every three gallons of water, I have found a tablespoonful to six gallons to be enough. Used at this ratio, a 7s. 6d. bottle will make about 200 gallons of the stuff, and this, used out of a watering-can with a rose nozzle, will saturate a good big bit of ground. The effect on the worms is wonderful. They come up to the surface, and there, for the most part, seem to die. At all events, they are so far gone that they can be swept away, though I believe that some do revive again if left alone; so that it is best to make sure by putting them in hot water or lime, or something deadly to them. Of course, as to the amount and the strength of the stuff required, a deal must depend on the depth at which the worms happen to be working. In very dry weather, when they are far down, I take it that you will want the stuff stronger and in greater quantity than when the top soil is damp and the worms are working near the surface. Therefore I fancy that the autumn would really be the best time. But it is certainly worth a good trial, and, I think, is an economy in the long run, saving men's time in sweeping off worm-casts, to say nothing of the saving in young grass by obviating the necessity of such sweeping. I think I should be inclined to recommend it to your readers in preference to the heroic plan of electrocuting the worms, the account of which much entertained me in your "Country Notes" the other day.—SUSSEX.

A TAME MOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You are always pleased, I know, to record any little curiosities about the ways of animals, and here is a story of a mouse that I think your readers may like to hear. It comes out every evening about tea-time in a big country house, and eats any scraps that fall. Its hole is behind the fender, and it runs up and over the corner of the fender each time that it comes out. It is very amusing to put on the hearthrug a large piece of cake and watch its efforts to jump up the fender with a piece as big as itself. It does not seem to have any fear of the people talking, and only runs in very quickly at the slightest movement. When it first appeared it was a very poor, thin little mouse; now it is quite a well-to-do substantial person. I do not think that any trap has ever been set for it, and am sure that all the people in the house would be very sorry if any harm came to it. We have often heard tales of the boldness of mice in prisoners' cells, and the companionship they have found in them, but this is a mouse that comes out in the midst of a company sitting talking. It seems to be quite accustomed to conversation, though it does not as yet join in it.—L.

The Heronry, Holkham Park.

IN the portion of Holkham Park lying between the north wall and the house is the long water of Holkham Lake. On the western side of this stand groves of trees of a more ancient date than those elsewhere in this great enclosure, and among them some very fine straight beeches. The park, which possesses every kind of game and wild bird one could desire to see, naturally owns a heronry; and it is in these trees that the birds mainly build. Our illustration shows the largest tree of all, with THE MASTER NEST at the very top. Last Easter, when the herons had just hatched their young, and the bits of broken blue shell were lying under the trees, such a



C. Reid.

THE MASTER NEST.

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collection of water birds were gathered about them, and on the lake, as one seldom sees in this country—herons perching and fishing, gulls sweeping and soaring above the lake, many couples of Canada geese uttering hoarse shouts and trumpeting, flocks of mallard, teal, and widgeon on the lake. The sea eagles did not come to the lake last year, but they are frequent visitors, and live partly on the hares which swarm in the park, partly on the fish, wounded duck, and gulls.

Contrary to all reasonable expectation, this heronry does not increase. The maximum number of nests that has been there in one season is twenty-seven, but this year there are only seventeen. Perhaps the birds are occasionally shot by gunners in the free marshes, some distance away, but on the great and beautiful Holkham property they are never molested. In the park and at the heronry they are tamer than any birds of the kind we are acquainted with. They will sit in the trees, with visitors standing only a short distance from the stem, and though they leave the nests at first, they return after a few circling flights, quite aware that they will not be disturbed.